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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1894.

MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR.

ONCE A WEEK

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No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

DOES the modern playwright follow or lead the public?

* * *

NINE out of ten writers of plays would probably answer that it is the demand of the public for new light upon some social topic which produces its treatment in the comedy or drama. This, I believe, is the opinion of Mr. Bronson Howard, the chief of our society dramatists. This is the assertion of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who has recently been taken to task in London for appearing in what Mr. Labouchere spicily calls "realistic Magdalen drama." "The taste of the public," says the actor, "is undoubtedly for discussion of such problems. Arraign the epoch if you like, but not the writer of plays."

* * *

VERY likely this is true. Probably Alexandre Dumas would never have undertaken the vivisection of certain phases of Parisian society if he had not felt that he had a public ready and anxious to see the work done. A very large portion of the London public is now feeling the same desire that Paris felt for the discussion upon the stage of those burning social questions heretofore usually tabooed. It is a craze—a phase—and will soon pass away. But it is giving the English stage some of the strongest and best plays that it has had for a decade.

* * *

DUMAS holds, and Beerbohm Tree maintains, and every true playwright doubtless would insist, that a play is not immoral because the subject of which it treats discusses immorality. It is only immoral if it deals in a flippant spirit with the serious social problems of life; and if it makes a jest of virtue and flatters vice. Certainly the realistic plays of the new school do not do that.

* * *

BUT the public will have just ground for complaint if the theatres do not give the discussion of savory topics as much chance as that of the unsavory ones. "Are all the good women too uninteresting to furnish matter for a comedy?" was the question of the young matron who was weary of comedies with adventuresses in them. The managers must preserve the golden mean.

* * *

I HOPE every one interested in the drama will read the thoughtful and interesting paper by Justin Huntly McCarthy, the distinguished dramatic critic, printed in this issue of ONCE A WEEK. It deals with this same subject of the bold discussion of social questions at the theatre, and also with differences between the English and American stages. The author has long been known as one of the most accomplished of London's students of the drama, and this article is the first of a very stirring series on the modern theatre from his pen.

* * *

AT Chicago, December 14, Judge Woods sentenced President Eugene Debs to six months, and the other officers and directors of the American Railway Union to three months, in jail for contempt of court. The offense was that they violated the injunction issued against them during the July strike. The counsel for the A. R. U. were allowed ten days to prepare an appeal.

* * *

JUDGE WOODS'S opinion was very elaborate and contained nearly twenty thousand words. It may be said, in general, that it was absolutely impossible for the Judge to find otherwise than as he did, under the law as it is, and under existing relations between organized labor and organized capital. It is strictly true also that the present unequal standing of labor organizations in courts of law and equity is due to the neglect of labor leaders to keep abreast of the times—in other words, organized labor can prevent all such unequal contests in court if it will try. This is the only point worth discussing at present, and I propose to confine myself to it, in these suggestions all among ourselves.

* * *

WHEN I say that Judge Woods could not find otherwise than as he did I do not mean to have it inferred that this journal finds satisfaction in the imprisonment of Debs and his associates. On the contrary, so much does ONCE A WEEK regret and deplore that proceeding that it takes this occasion to call upon the court of last resort to reverse the sentences of imprisonment on the ground of public policy: on the broad ground that it is better to let Debs and his associates go free than to give a stimulus to anarchic socialism by making them martyrs in prison.

* * *

BUT that is only a passing incident of the subject. How shall we prevent and forestall these things? Judge Woods says labor organizations have the right to strike. Now, with all due deference to the Court, what does that statement amount to? Simply this: Men have a right to strike, peaceably, and go on the street taking wives and babies with them to starve, beg or steal, while other men take their jobs in the factory or on the railroad; or, if they strike the other way, they go to jail. Upon my word, I believe the jail plan is as good—or as bad—as the other. And if there is anything in the theory of social economics that a man must take care of his family—the workman has the right to do neither.

* * *

THIS is speaking practically and in general. Strikers have quit work peaceably, and even gone to jail, without starving or otherwise injuring themselves or their families; but it is notorious that this is not the rule. I am sure, anyhow, such theorizing as this will not prevent strikes. Telling strikers they may strike for higher wages, and then go without any at all, will not settle the industrial problem. Protecting interstate commerce and the United States mails in transit has nothing to do with the question of the proper relations of organized labor to organized capital; and yet Judge Woods devoted several thousands of his twenty thousand words to a discussion of that point before he decided to send Debs to jail from now until long after the bluebirds whistle next spring. There is a screw loose somewhere here, and it is not in Judge Woods's logic. It must be in the relations themselves.

* * *

NOW, which will the American people choose—which will the Labor Unions choose—these unequal and "impossible" relations between employer and employee, leading to grave public danger, or a readjustment? Will you have labor leaders in jail, and disturbers abroad making capital for the revolutionary idea? Or would you not prefer to see Joint-Stock Labor Unions, vested with all the rights and burdened with all the responsibilities of other corporations; and dealing with other corporations on a strictly business basis?

* * *

ONCE A WEEK has discussed this view of the case ever since Homestead; and many earnest labor organizations have begun to take an interest in the subject. The present winter ought to be a good time to devise ways and means. The time for talk is past. Something must be done. The strike is out of date. The substitute is easy to find. Labor organizations have the essential elements of the Joint-Stock Labor Union now—namely, the membership. Let the corporate feature and the capital stock be added. Then workmen will have standing in court. They will not then be helping to break up even the organizations they have every time they strike. A "quitting" under the corporate plan will not be a conspiracy, and the president of the "American Association of Workmen, Limited," will not go to jail for six months because the criminal element destroys railroad property.

* * *

COME, gentlemen, let us hear from you. This is a free country. Do not believe that all Judges are corporation lawyers, or corrupt, or aristocrat enemies and oppressors of the toiler. But be sure that, as things are now, you will be beaten in court every time you strike, and damage is caused even by outsiders. If certain tyrannical employers are compelling you to toe the mark, you have now a chance to make them recognize you. Do not neglect the chance. It will either be the Joint-Stock Labor Union or it will be individualism among workmen, that glorious o'd time back again when workmen tumbled over one another to beat down the price of a day's work. Really, I do not want those times back again. Do you?

I AM glad to see that public opinion is rapidly coming around to support the plan, first formulated in the columns of ONCE A WEEK, of committing such important questions as those relating to the currency and the tariff to special commissions. Specialists of authority should prepare the projects of law, and submit them to the Congressional committees for their report. The vicissitudes of Secretary Carlisle's currency bill furnish an illustration of the unwisdom of allowing everybody, whether or not supplied with a knowledge of finance, to propose measures the discussion of which consumes valuable time.

* * *

A PROMPT decision on the financial plan is of prime importance. Trade and industry are suffering because of the agitation, and the uncertainty as to the monetary measures to be taken. A commission of first-rate specialists—such as ONCE A WEEK has repeatedly advised—could bring order out of the present chaos at short notice.

* * *

THE purification of the police force in this city, by the work of the Lexow Committee, is bringing out some strange facts. A police captain has confessed that he paid fifteen thousand dollars for his appointment, and that he refunded the sum (which he had borrowed) out of his salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. An indicted policeman has made a confession implicating half a dozen other captains, and unveiling colossal corruption. The committee continues to go higher, and is anxiously searching for the fountain-head of all this venality.

* * *

I HOPE that the tenement-house reform will not be jostled aside by any of the other measures for cleansing the metropolis. Recent revelations have shown that the proper housing of three-fourths of the population of New York City is the most important and pressing of our problems.

* * *

RICH owners of great numbers of tenements which are distinctly behind the times, like the Trinity Corporation, for instance, might do much good by spending some of their vast fortunes in evolving and building a new type of tenement, which will give light, air, good sanitation of all kinds, to the striving poor.

* * *

THAT would be practical Christianity. And it was never more sorely needed than now.

* * *

THE death of Robert Louis Stevenson in his Pacific Island home is a sad loss to literature. No such enchanter has wielded the wand of romance since that other great Scotchman, Walter Scott, laid it down.

* * *

CONGRESS seems bent on beginning the collection of the income tax. But the work will probably be interrupted when the new Congress comes in.

* * *

AND now some one has found out that Philadelphia is a maelstrom of iniquity. Will a legislative probing committee soon be at work at the base of the great statue of Penn?

* * *

JOHN MCBRIDE has been elected president of the Federation of Labor in place of Samuel Gompers, who was a determined candidate for re-election. Mr. McBride is a conservative labor leader of large experience, and in the last great strike was a determined opponent of violent measures.

* * *

THE destitution in Western Nebraska among the farmers is terrible. The failure of crops has brought hundreds of farmers to the verge of starvation.

* * *

THE French have occupied one of the forts of Madagascar, and will push military operations on the island vigorously. Meantime the Queen gives signs of yielding.

* * *

SECRETARY LAMONT has decided against the cantilever plan for the Hudson River bridge, which must be a single span suspension structure. This latter form is practicable, but will prove very costly.

* * *

The New Science Review, issued by the Transatlantic Publishing Company of this city, is an interesting quarterly magazine which has enlisted in the discussion of the most striking scientific topics some of the ablest pens in this country and Europe.

* * *

DR JOHN LORD, the famous lecturer on historical topics, died recently at Stamford, Conn., in his eighty-fifth year. Dr. Lord had been lecturing for more than forty years. He was an attractive writer and an eloquent speaker.

* * *

THE newest sporting millionaire in England now is H. McCalmont, who has recently inherited twenty million dollars. He succeeds Sir John Astley as president of the Sports Club. Probably the twenty millions will not last long.

A SERIOUS cause of dispute has arisen between Germany and France, and may bring about a rupture of diplomatic relations. The French Minister of War is proceeding against Captain Dreyfus of the Army of the Republic, on the charge of selling military secrets to the German Embassy. Such a trial could not fail, under ordinary circumstances, to make bad blood between two nations so lately at war.

* * *

BUT the case is complicated by the fact that the papers which were to be used for Captain Dreyfus's conviction were obtained by theft from the private desk of the military attaché to the German Embassy in Paris. It was only after this abstraction of documents had been adroitly consummated that the French Captain's conviction was thought possible. The French press indulged in the usual rant against foreign spies, and threatened Germany with exposure of her underhand methods.

* * *

GERMANY usually makes no answer on occasions when her military department of "secret intelligence" is overhauled by a jealous neighbor. But this time her response was prompt and categoric; and menaced France with immediate recall of the German Ambassador from Paris if any of the so-called compromising papers taken from the desk of the German military attaché were used at Captain Dreyfus's trial. It is claimed that the taking of these papers was a violation of the most sacred diplomatic rights; and that they must be returned. With a hot-headed Cabinet of young men in power in Paris, it is possible that the answer to Kaiser Wilhelm's ministers may be an unpleasant one; and the temper of Germany just now, in view of the fact that France is preparing to act in harmony with England and Russia, is so bad that little provocation would be necessary to bring on a declaration of hostilities.

* * *

MEANTIME, if out of the incident could come an abatement of the absurd mania of European nations for seeing spies everywhere, the traveling public would be thankful. Within the last two or three years the woes of British and American tourists who persist in forgetting that Europe is an armed camp have vastly increased. The Alpine climber is brought down from the steeps, tied with ropes, by Italian gendarmes, who fancy that he is sneaking about fortifications; the archæologist is haled before a military Judge if he dares to look at an old wall in Marseilles or Avignon; and to loiter near the Roman ruins in Chester is to awaken suspicions in the mind of the British constable that your pockets are filled with dynamite.

* * *

EMPEROR WILHELM'S temper, always a little infirm, has been rendered worse than usual by the decided defeat which his policy with regard to the Socialists has sustained. He is anxious to secure new repressive laws; but the Reichstag seems in no hurry to vote them, nor will it authorize the prosecution of the Socialist deputies who declined to cheer for the Emperor at the first session in the new Parliament palace. To be balked in his wishes and snubbed by his political enemies is a little more than the young gentleman who fancies that he rules by right divine is able to stand without showing his annoyance. Herr Singer, the deputy who has headed the "Social-Democrat" campaign in the Reichstag, and whom the Emperor was particularly anxious to imprison, is an active politician and will take every advantage of his present powers until the Kaiser provokes "dissolution."

* * *

THAT Wilhelm will send away the Reichstag and trust to new elections for luck for his cause seems certain. There be those who think that he would prefer to govern with a Federal Council, and to get rid altogether of Parliamentary interference with his supreme will. The immense increase of Social-Democratic (for "Social-Democrat" read Republican) deputies has alarmed him, and he means to try autocracy. There can be little doubt that Parliament will win in the long run. But the Germans are long-suffering and deliberate.

* * *

A FOREIGN war with an ancient enemy like France might furnish the Kaiser the very diversion of which he is just now in sore need. But he has to remember that to attack France to-day, unless he is ready to cope with the rugged Russian bear also, is dangerous business.

* * *

ONE outcome of the struggle in the Reichstag will be gladly welcomed. The "divinity that doth hedge a King" has received a severe shock. Prosecutions for *lèse-majeste* because a deputy does not choose to cheer an Emperor or King who tells his soldiers that it is their duty to shoot down any citizen, if he asks them to do so, will no longer be popular.

* * *

COME, Mr. John Bull! What are you up to in Nicaragua? Despite your professions of amity and fair dealing you continue to make trouble at Bluefields. Uncle Sam and his naval commanders will keep a sharp watch upon you.

ITALY seems on the brink of revolution. Perhaps the prophecy that Crispi may be the last Premier of the House of Savoy was not far wrong after all. The unpleasant way in which statesmen of all degrees figure in the Roman Bank frauds has immensely encouraged the opposition which keeps the Parliament in a continual turmoil. The Government is massing troops, and preparing for the worst.

* * *

DISSOLUTIONS—Socialists triumphant and militant—Emperors and Kings boldly defied! It looks almost as if another "Forty-Eight" were likely to come soon.

* * *

THE funeral of M. de Lesseps was held in Paris on December 13, with no military display, but the Academy, the Geographical Societies, and Parisian societies in general, sent immense delegations. A movement has been started for calling the Suez Canal in future the "Canal de Lesseps."

* * *

THE change of heart which the Russians have experienced toward the Jews within their boundaries since the Rothschilds took up the colossal new Moscovite loan is quite refreshing to contemplate. The Czar has ordered modifications of the persecution. Even Holy John of Cronstadt is becoming agreeable to his Hebrew fellow-citizens. The story goes that the Rothschilds exacted this change of policy before they would consent to touch the loan.

* * *

MR. GRESHAM has been saved, in spite of himself, from committing the United States to a flagrant violation of its consecrated policy of avoiding "entangling alliances." Timely protest warned him that we must join no joint commission to investigate the Armenian massacre. He then proposed to send an independent commissioner, to which the Sultan objected. Thus the maladroit Secretary has procured two humiliations for us: the first, that of placing our sincerity and consistency in doubt; the second, that of being snubbed by the "sick man of Europe." The investigation is now committed to the care of Russia and England. If between them they cannot bring the signatories of the Berlin Treaty to their duty, there will be small hope for oppressed Armenia.

* * *

THE enterprising Japanese continue their hostile campaign in China with great vigor. They decline to make terms until the Celestials sue in proper humiliation for peace. The massacre at Port Arthur appears to have been due to the rage of the Japanese troops for the mutilations inflicted by the Chinese upon their captured comrades; but the Government at Tokio realizes that it must give guarantees against such occurrences in future. It is not because one nation disregards the rules of civilized warfare that another can afford to do so.

* * *

LADY BROOKE, the Prince of Wales's friend, lost a superb sable cloak the other day. She wrote to the papers to say that the garment is worth four thousand dollars, and was a wedding present. "I hope," she added, "that no one will think me extravagant enough to have bought it."

* * *

THE Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Thompson, expired suddenly from heart disease, at Windsor Castle, on the afternoon of December 12, a few minutes after he had been sworn in as a member of the Queen's Privy Council, and had had an audience of Queen Victoria. Sir John had been in feeble health for some time, suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart, and the excitement and fatigue of the visit to Windsor doubtless hastened his end. As he sat down to luncheon in the Octagon Room of the Castle he was seized with illness, fell, and died in a few minutes. Possibly, as has been suggested, the undue fatigue of standing for nearly an hour in a constrained and formal position, while conversing with the Queen, was the direct cause of the stroke which deprives Canada of one of her most valued statesmen.

* * *

THE Queen was greatly shocked by the news of the sad event, and expressed her grief and sympathy in every possible way. The body was laid in the West End Grand Hall, near the State Entrance, and was afterward taken to London thence to be removed to Canada on the warship Blenheim, summoned from Gibraltar for that purpose. Canada mourns sincerely for her deceased leader, and will accord him the honors of a splendid funeral. A national subscription will also be raised for his family.

* * *

THE effect the Premier's death will have on the political situation in Canada is problematic. As a Roman Catholic, Sir John Thompson commanded a large following which the new Premier, who is an Orangeman, cannot rely on for support. In other respects the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, who was appointed acting Premier by Sir John previous to his departure for Europe, and has now been charged to form a Cabinet, will no doubt prove an able leader and will probably carry out, in its essential features, Sir John's policy. He is an earnest protectionist, and has been Minister of Customs.

THE funeral of Sir John Thompson will take place in Halifax, on December 29, and will be an imposing demonstration of respect for the able statesman's memory.

* * *

GERMANY is evidently getting ready to undertake retaliatory measures against this country because of the additional tax imposed upon beet sugar by the Wilson bill. But I fail to see where the angry Teutons get any basis for their assertion that the new sugar tariff infringes upon the most favored nation clause. All countries are on the same footing, under the existing tariff, with regard to extra duties charged on imported sugars which are protected by a bounty where they are produced.

* * *

EATON HALL, the splendid seat of the Duke of Westminster, near Chester in England, was the scene of the marriage of Prince Adolphus of Teck and Lady Margaret Grosvenor, the Duke's daughter, on December 12. The Duke is the richest peer in the United Kingdom, and the bride will have a magnificent dowry.

* * *

EUGENE KELLY, the famous millionaire banker, died at his residence in this city, December 19. Mr. Kelly was born in 1808, in the little village of Trillick, County Tyrone, Ireland, and came to this country when 19. By a long and honorable career in commercial and banking he amassed a great fortune (estimated as high as fifteen million dollars), which he always held at the service of his native country.

* * *

AT one time he cabled twenty thousand dollars to the Parliamentary fund of the Home Rule cause, and offered thirty thousand more if it should be needed. In 1892 he declined, on account of failing health, the honor proffered by the Pope of the title of Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword. An excellent portrait of Eugene Kelly was published in the issue of ONCE A WEEK dated December 23, 1893.

* * *

THE late George P. A. Healy, the eminent American portrait painter, who resided many years in Paris, left a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars.

* * *

THE scholars in our great Universities do not seem to get a tithe of the public notice accorded to the athletes from those institutions. But that, writes a student of Yale, is not the college's fault. "They do not run the newspapers." The implied reproof is a well-merited one.

* * *

THE Quebec provincial legislature is to set apart an enormous tract in the Province as a fish and game park after the manner of the Yellowstone. The area of this new sportsman's paradise will be a little more than sixteen hundred thousand acres.

* * *

CHICAGO looks with envious eyes upon the Greater New York movement. But nothing which she can do will prevent the consolidation which will give the metropolis three millions of inhabitants, and forever remove it out of the sphere of competition with other American cities.

* * *

REJANE will sail for America February 15, to give one hundred performances of "Madame Sans-Gene" in our principal cities. She is the sprightly actress who has latterly divided the empire of Bernhardt, and who means to keep on so doing.

* * *

MR. GLADSTONE'S income from his private property is a little over one hundred thousand dollars a year, the Marquis of Salisbury's about five hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars yearly. The largest part of Salisbury's income comes from London property.

* * *

THE Southern Pacific Railroad Company has contracted to plant two thousand acres at Merced in sugar beets and to deliver the beets at cost for two years to a company which is to erect a beet sugar factory. Most Eastern railroads will deliver "beats" at cost to California if she will agree to devise some means of utilizing them.

* * *

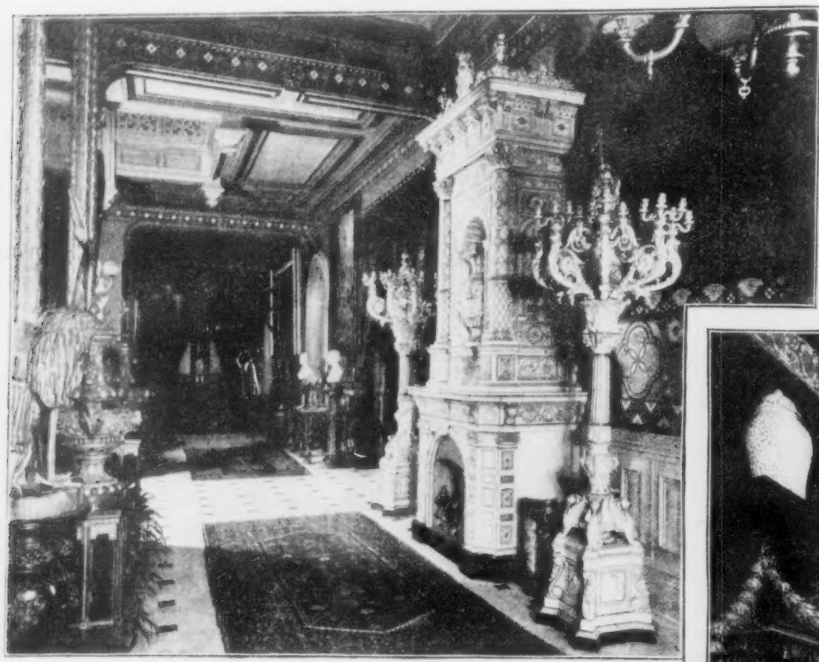
THE name "Mikado" signifies "illustrious gate," and, like the Turkish title, "Sublime Porte," was transferred from the abode of the sovereign to the sovereign himself. From 660 years B.C. one hundred and twenty-three successive rulers have borne this title, making the Japanese dynasty the longest in history.

* * *

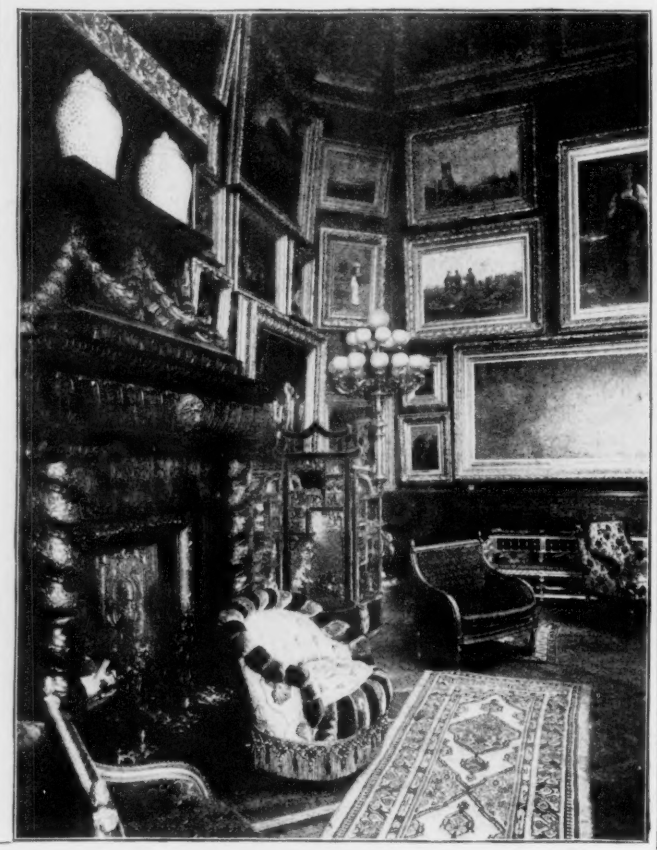
LIVERPOOL is losing her trade. It is, say the local papers, because the commerce of the port is strangled by the railroads by means of excessive freight charges and ineffective service. The rivalries of Manchester and Southampton are also prime causes of the decay. It is said that the Cunard steamers are likely to adopt Southampton instead of Liverpool as their port of departure.

* * *

HENRY IRVING, in a recent speech at Edinburgh, warmly supported his idea of municipal theatres. But they must not, he said, be managed by a board of aldermen. They should be under the control of cultivated and independent directors. Otherwise the pull of the municipal politician would evidently interfere with the artistic success of the institution.



The Entrance Hall



The Fire Place in the Picture Gallery

Statue of a Water Nymph

General View of the Picture Gallery

THE HOME OF MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR, No. 350 FIFTH AVENUE.

(See page 10.)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S DEATH.

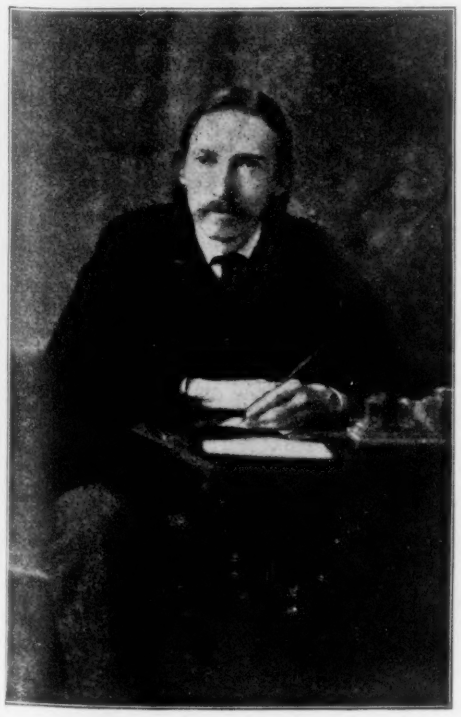
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the novelist whose fame is as wide as the English-speaking world, died of apoplexy at his island home in Apia, Samoa, early in the present month. His body was buried on the summit of Paa Mountain, thirteen hundred feet high, the islanders, by whom he was beloved, giving him a picturesque and imposing funeral.

Mr. Stevenson went to the beautiful South Sea Islands several years ago, and there established a home in the hope of overcoming, in a genial climate, the insidious malady which, had he remained in his native Scotland or in the northern part of America, would have slain him long ago. With his American wife and his children he lived an ideal life in the insular paradise, and the reflection of its charms lends a glow to most of his later writings.

His fame as a romancer possessed of an incomparable style, vivid and splendid imagination, and a charm superior to that of most contemporary writers of fiction, will be lasting. Beginning in 1879 with a volume of travels of phenomenal excellence, he rose rapidly to high distinction and popularity, well merited by such works as "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "David Balfour." A delicious humor was one of his most agreeablecharacteristics.

Had he lived, he would probably have given a new impulse to the historical novel, and at the time of his death was engaged upon a work of this character. Genial and lovable, he made friends everywhere, and was greatly admired and had a large company of readers in this country.

The great author was the son of Thomas Stevenson, a celebrated lighthouse engineer of marked talent and originality. It was in Edinburgh that the boy destined to produce so many enchanting works was born, November 13, 1850, and his native town owes him a memorial as fine as it erected to that other Scot who witched men with his pen.



THE LATE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE TWO PILGRIMS.

A PILGRIM, tottering, bent and old,
Went through the midnight's open gate;
Gray-locked he was, with limbs a-cold,
Pale, gruesome and disconsolate.

Under his arm a book he bore,
A dozen-chaptered tome was it;
And human history was the lore
Upon its burning pages writ.

Tales sorrowful, and of delight
Were there—with themes of war and peace:
But all were ended in the night,
And he who bore them had release.

But yonder from the purple morn
A figure comes, of youthful grace;
One who in Hope's soft hues was born
To take the gray old pilgrim's place.

An aureole surmounts his head,
And roses tint his dimpled cheek;
"Farewell" we say to him who fled,
"Huzza" to him whose help we seek.

The youth a fresh, blank volume has,
With leaves as pure as fallen snow!
But what its tale shall be—alas!
Kind Fate and Heaven alone can know.

—JOEL BENTON.

GENERAL JOSIAH PORTER.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL JOSIAH PORTER, of this State, was stricken with apoplexy in an elevated road train in this city early on the morning of December 13, and died at his home the following day. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1830; was graduated at Harvard, and served with distinction in the Civil War. The battery of which he was the Captain received frequent compliments. In 1869 he became Colonel of the Twenty-second Regiment of New York, and resigned to become Adjutant-General under Governor Hill. He was reappointed in 1889 and in 1892.

THE NEW CONGRESSMEN.

ONCE A WEEK'S PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT NATIONAL LEGISLATORS.

WE present this week six more portraits of prominent members of the Fifty-fourth Congress, which will assemble in March.

Ephraim M. Woomer, of Lebanon, Pa., was a Republican member of the Fifty-third Congress, and was reelected by a large majority. Lucien J. Fenton, of the Tenth District of Ohio, is a new man, who has been rising into prominence rapidly of late. Congressman Mahlon Pitney, of New Jersey, is also a new man, and will be a striking figure in the next Congress.

Hon. James H. Huling, of the Third District of West Virginia, will ably represent the important interests of his State.

Congressman Joseph E. Washington, of the Tenth Tennessee District, and Congressman Woodard, of the Second District of North Carolina, are prominent Democrats who are members of the present Congress, and were re-elected without important opposition.—(See page 12.)

A CHARITY CONCERT will be given on January 5, at Sherry's, by the pupils of Miss Nora Maynard Green, in aid of the Working Girls' Vacation Society. Among the patronesses are Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Charles Parkhurst, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Mrs. Charles H. Voorhees, and a number of other well-known ladies. The concert will begin at half-past eight, after which a reception will take place, followed by dancing. The price of tickets is two dollars, and they may be attained at Sherry's or at Miss Green's studio, 420 Fifth Avenue. The object of this entertainment is such a deserving one that it will undoubtedly attract a large audience.

THE retirement of Mr. Schnadhorst from the political field in England is noted with sympathetic comment by the Liberals, with scorn and reproachful remarks by the Conservatives. Schnadhorst was a "boss"; but he was of enormous service to the Liberal party and to the cause of genuine reform.

AN agrarian bill to be introduced in the German Reichstag would give the State control of the sale and purchase of all cereals and flour, the sales to be fixed by the average prices which have ruled during the last forty years. State granaries would be established, where a certain proportion of each harvest would be stored. There is little prospect of the bill's success.

THE kidnapper is abroad in England, if we may credit reports that attempts have been made recently to steal the infant son of the Duke of York and one of the children of William Waldorf Astor.

SIGNOR CRISPI said to Emile Zola, "Have faith in peace and humanity." Zola might have told the Italian Premier that the world had very little confidence in Crispi's faith or his humanity—where the treatment of the poor and oppressed Sicilian peasantry is concerned.

WITH the exception of Peter the Second, interred in the Kremlin, all the Czars of Russia since Peter the Great have been entombed at St. Petersburg, in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. This edifice is let into the walls of the fortress Peter and Paul, on the right bank of the Neva, opposite the Winter Palace—the home of the Court. The church was erected on the site of a chapel built by Peter the Great, and destroyed by fire in 1756. A tunic believed to have been worn by the Saviour, and the head of the Apostle St. James, are among the relics preserved there.

THE LATE ADJUTANT-GENERAL JOSIAH PORTER.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

Now gather round the fire with me,
And in its cheerful blaze,
One whole-souled topic ours shall be—
Old friends of Christmas days.

For 'tis on such a night as this
Their faces we'd behold,
And 'tis on Christmas eve we miss
The honest friends of old.

Ay! grandma with the silvered hair,
And ever kindly eyes,
Look not so lonesome in your chair
Nor heave such weary sighs.

But draw your chair a little nigher
Unto the cheerful blaze,
And warm their memories by the fire—
Old friends of Christmas days.

The blinds are drawn, the whirling snows
Beat 'gainst the window pane,
And every time the cold wind blows
It hums an old refrain.

'Twas but last Christmas, and a night
Like this it truly proved,
When shone the fire-flames' dancing light
Upon a face we loved.

How cheerily his dear old voice
Would ring like Winter's gales,
How would we all of us rejoice
To hear his merry tales.

Ah! 'tis on such a night as this
We would his face behold,
For 'tis on Christmas eve we miss
The honest friends of old.

For somehow, tho' our hearts are glad
To gather here again,
There was a love those old friends had
We look for now in vain.

For some are here and some are gone
Unto their last repose,
And memory's wreath is laid upon
Full many a mound of snows.

And while such memory imparts
The worth true love can teach,
There is a something in our hearts
Beyond the passing speech.

So draw our chairs a little nigher
Unto the cheerful blaze,
And silence shall one thought inspire—
Old friends of Christmas days.

—Arthur J. Lamb.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Author of "Bootles' Baby," "Houpla," "Beautiful Jim," "Every Inch a Soldier," "Harvest," "Diana Forget," "The Soul of the Bishop," "Good-Bye," "My Poor Dick," "Aunt Johanne," "Only Human," etc., etc.

I SCARCELY know how to begin to tell you the story of the very merriest Christmas my dear Jack and I ever spent. Because, you know, it began in a horrid kind of way as if there was going to be no merriment in it at all, and yet it proved to be the turning point of our whole lives. It was in this way:

Jack had been left an orphan, both his parents dying out in India when he was quite a little chap and he could scarcely remember them at all. He was unlike most little children who get left in such sad case, for he had not a single woman relation in the whole world and nobody except an uncle of his mother's to stand between him and destitution. This uncle, however, who was a hard, stern kind of man, was very rich and very proud, much too proud to let it be said that a relation of his was living on charity, and he promptly came forward and took entire charge of Jack, who from that time made his home at Lingley Garth—and a very poor kind of home it must have been with only that elderly dry-as-dust hard man of business and half a dozen old servants, who no doubt looked upon Jack as an unmitigated bore and nuisance.

However, nuisance or no nuisance, at Lingley Garth Jack remained, went to Eton and thence to Sandhurst, and was finally drafted into a cavalry regiment, to be explicit, the Royal Horse, in which he soon became quite the most popular officer of which it boasted. You see, my Jack was very good-looking, not dolly—oh, dear, no; nothing of the barber's block style of beauty, but a well-standing young Englishman, light on his feet, ready with his tongue, fairly free with his fists, and a good all-round man at everything that was most necessary he should do and do well. As for his actual looks, Jack was handsome enough for anybody. Tall and strong, blue-eyed and sunny-haired, with a pleasant laugh and a winning smile which disclosed the loveliest teeth I ever saw. Nose almost straight, and the mouth—well, on my word, though I have been married to my Jack for nearly ten years, I should be hard put to it if I had to make a drawing of his mouth. But it was a nice mouth, yes, there is no doubt of that.

When the time came for Jack to go out into the world "on his own hook," Mr. Druce called him into the library at Lingley Garth and talked to him very seriously. I suppose that most young men's fathers or guardians do that before they go to join their regiments or to plunge into the vortex of business. Anyway, Mr. Druce sent for Jack and he told him that the time had come when he must look upon himself as a man and no longer as a boy—Jack was nineteen, as a matter of fact; also that he had allowed him to go into the Army on account of his own earnest wish to follow his father's profession, although he, Mr. Druce, thought it was a game not worth the candle. "However, if you behave yourself and do me credit, Jack," he said, "I shall some day leave you very well provided for—but *only* if you do me credit. I have no notion of your going into the Royal Horse and cutting a great dash out of my pocket. If you were my son instead of my great-nephew, I should expect a certain amount of deference to my wishes—"

"Which I hope I have always given you, Uncle Richard," put in Jack, quickly.

"I have no fault to find with you up to the present," replied Mr. Druce, "beyond a certain happy-go-lucky air, which, all the same, may stand you in good stead if you use it rightly. But let us get to business. I have many acquaintances among Army men, and I have consulted several of them whom I regard as the most solid and reliable, as to the what allowance I ought to make you. They all tell me that four hundred a year is an ample income for a subaltern, and therefore I have decided to start you with a couple of chargers and the necessary outfit and to give you four hundred a year and no more. It will depend upon how you manage on that whether I eventually make you my heir or not. Do you quite understand me?"

"My dear uncle," said Jack, "pray don't talk about leavings and heirings and such like. It's perfectly horrible. If you are good enough to allow me four hundred a year in addition to my pay, I shall get along like a fighting-cock, and your fortune I hope you will keep for yourself for many a year to come. I give you my word, sir, that I will try to do nothing to disgrace you in any way." And then he stretched out his hand and Mr. Druce laid his in it and said no more.

Well, for over four years Jack went on his way as he had begun, making his income cover his expenses in a most wonderful way, living as well as any man in the Royal Horse and yet not getting into debt. And every year, when he was spending part of his long leave at Lingley Garth, he used to make a point of putting his outgoings roughly before his uncle and of showing him that he was really living within his income. Some uncles so rich would have made an addition to the allowance, but Mr. Druce never did. On the contrary, he always treated Jack as if he were quite an ordinary man of business, and always spoke as if he had no connection whatever with his source of income.

And in the fifth year of Jack's service he met—me!

Jack has always said from that day to this that it was all up with him. From that moment he meant to marry me as soon as ever he could, and I—oh, well, I was over head and ears in love with Jack from the very first and it is no use denying it.

It happened in this way: You see, my father was a parson living near to the barracks at Blankhampton, and somehow I had always known soldiers, and had known more of soldiers and thought more of soldiers than I had ever done of the Bishop—for I was married and done for several years before Dr. Netherby was made Bishop of Blankhampton, and to me the Bishop of Blankhampton was embodied in the large and ponderous gentleman who was familiarly named "ME." And somehow or other Jack and I fell in love at first sight, and after about a fortnight Jack asked me if I would take him for what he was worth, which, as he said, wasn't very much, and if I would follow the drum with him for the rest of my life?

What did I say? Why—yes, *yes*, YES! I would have married my Jack if he had been a private soldier and I had had to get myself put on the strength of the regiment and to take my share of the charing work which being "on the strength" really means. And as he was well up the list of lieutenants and had four hundred a year besides his pay, I thought I was making a very good match indeed, speaking entirely from a wordly point of view.

You see, my father's living did not amount to quite four hundred a year, unless you counted the Rectory, and we had always got on well enough, though there were three of us girls and father and mother into the bargain. True, mother always had a dress in wear which was made out of funeral scarfs, and all the gloves that came from a like source we used to take back to a certain shop in the town and get changed for lavender ones. Father always wore lavender gloves when he was wishing to look a little bit spruce, and that was where they came from.

So, you see, when Jack asked me to marry him and share his four hundred a year, to say nothing of his pay and his allowances for candles, forage, luggage, and so on, I felt that I was not only marrying the man of my choice, but that I was beginning just where my father and mother were leaving off.

The first damper on our happiness came from Jack's uncle, Mr. Druce. Jack brought me his letter the day that he received it. "Some fellows wouldn't show you this at all, Lucy," he said, "but I don't mean to make a doll of you, but to share my whole life with you, darling, good and bad alike. You know my old uncle has been awfully good to me in the past, so that I can't very well resent anything that he chooses to say to me now. Of course, in a worldly sense, he is right enough; you ought to have married a fellow with money, who could make big settlements, and so on; and I suppose I ought to have at least consulted my uncle—"

"Let me see the letter," I said, with the calm of despair. Jack gave it to me without another word.

"My dear Jack," it said. "I duly received your letter. Its contents surprised me very much and displeased me equally. You are much too young to marry, too young to properly know your own mind, and too poor to keep a wife as I am old-fashioned enough to think a wife should be kept.

"You say the young lady's father is a clergyman, which I imagine means that she is without dowry and possibly that she has many brothers and sisters. This seems a pity; however, if she has not been brought up in wealth she will perhaps be able to do on what I allow you. I may as well tell you at once that I shall not increase your allowance by a single penny. If you had had any thought of that you should have consulted me at an earlier stage of the proceedings. I might, without injustice, cut off your allowance altogether; but I do not intend to do that. On the contrary, I shall watch your proceedings closely and satisfy myself that your choice is a wise one before I make my final testament. According to your way of managing your domestic economy, I shall leave my property. If I find your wife reckless and extravagant, I give you fair warning that I shall leave you no more than what you have at present. I know that you can and do live reasonably and like a gentleman in the face of many temptations to do otherwise. I can only hope that the wife of your choice will prove the same. I shall send you one hundred pounds as a wedding present, but I do not wish to come to the wedding; I dislike such functions extremely.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"Richard Druce."

My Jack showed me this letter with rather a rueful countenance. "I thought it just possible that the old boy might cut up a bit rough," he said, "but I never dreamed he would keep me screwed down to the same allowance. However, my darling, there is nothing for it but to put the time on and make the best show we can on what we have."

"Why, Jack," I cried, "it will be ample for us. We couldn't spend more if we tried. It's more than we have all had at home put together."

"Yes, my dear little girl," Jack replied, "and you have made your own frocks and the pastry, and dusted the drawing-room and made your own bed, and done all sorts of things that you won't be able to do now. And there are all sorts of expenses in a cavalry regiment that you don't think of, that you don't even know of yet. There's moving, for instance; that's a pretty business. There's the mess and band fund; that's another. And there's the various entertainments to which I must subscribe, and the gees to keep and something to drive you about in, and—how the devil it's to be done *I* don't know."

I saw only one thing which I could honorably do to help my Jack at this time, only one thing, which would go near to breaking my heart; but I did it. I offered to give him up if he thought it would be better for his future prospects. And my Jack caught me to him with such a cry, with such an outburst of passion that I felt, come what might, I must never, never attempt to suggest such a way out of the difficulty again.

So we were married, he and I. We had such a smart wedding, with three clergymen and a guard of honor to line the aisle of the church, and we had nearly two hundred wedding presents, most of them utterly unsuitable for a young couple who meant to spend their lives knocking about from one military station to another. However, it was very sweet getting them all and I felt every day that I had really no idea people thought so much of me. And, you see, I had not tried a move then, though one was looming in the immediate future, as the Royal Horse were on the roster for a move to Aldershot within four months.

We were very happy. And we got over that move wonderfully well. You see, we never attempted to furnish a house for the short time that we were at Blankhampton, but just made ourselves as comfortable as we could in rooms, making them look as nice as we could with all the pretty things that our friends had given us at our marriage.

When we got to Aldershot and had to "rig ourselves up," as the phrase goes, in a hut, I found my troubles beginning. I wrote to "Madam"—that dear lady who used to write in the *Queen*, for if any woman on earth understands soldiers' moves she does—and told her frankly just how I was situated, and, with her help, I did my furnishing as cheaply as it could be done; and yet it cost money of which we had none to spare. I had one young servant, who *would* flirt with the soldiers, and especially with Jack's man, who was married and ought to have known better. And our meals—oh, well, the less we say about our meals the better. There was always this comfort, that when we got desperate Triflett—that was the man's name—used to run off to the officers' mess and fetch us over dinner or lunch or tea for two, and then we used to fare right royally.

Unfortunately we became rather popular. You see, Jack had always been so. And somehow, the fellows, as he always called them, all took rather a fancy to me and used to come in and out of our hut like—like so many dogs in a fair, and this all meant having tea and muffins or toast, or whisky and soda, with which to refresh them. And this all added to our expenses just when we didn't want to have any extra expenses at all.

Then Jack didn't like to see me making my own gowns, or to see me wearing them either, so I had to run up to Town for what I wanted; and so things got worse and worse, and I began to understand how very comfortably we could spend ten times as much income as we had and how we would not even then feel overburdened with riches. And so our second Christmas together drew very near, and I had, besides all my other worries, to think about a little trousseau and to wonder whom I should ask to stand sponsors later on. I caught my Jack looking at me one day with ever such a sad expression on his dear old face. "Little woman," he said, half regretfully, "don't you sometimes wish I had left you in the quiet old Rectory?"

"No, no, a thousand times no!" I cried, passionately. "It will all come right by and by, Jack. If only you are not getting tired of me."

"*Tired—I?*" he echoed; and in those two little words all my half-formed doubts and fears took to themselves wings and fled away, and I did not care if we were poor, as poor as poor could be, so long as we could share our troubles together.

And we had troubles: there was a tailor's bill of Jack's—forty-seven pounds; and a dressmaker's bill of mine—thirty-two pounds and some shillings; and a big account at the grocer's—really it was wonderful how the grocer's book mounted up, although we were most careful in what we had. And there were ever so many other accounts that would have to be settled somehow, and we had only about ten pounds in the bank to settle them with, at least not till Jack's next money should come in two months later. Really we were at our wits' ends, and there were times, proud as I was at the pros-

A NICKEL-PLATED ROAD.

Are the rails and engines all nickle-plated? is asked, time and again by parties who are contemplating a trip West over this now famous and popular route. If not, where did it get its name of Nickel Plate? That is the question! Where did it get its name? It has justly earned its great popularity by reason of its smooth road-bed, elegant equipment, superb dining-cars, fast time, and, above all, by its giving to the public the *lowest rates* of any *first-class* line, between the East and West. Popular low rate excursions are of frequent occurrence, and every attention is shown its patrons for their comfort and pleasure. Through palace sleeping-cars are run between Boston, New York and Chicago, over the Fitchburg, West Shore, and Nickel Plate Roads. All information as to *low* rates, through sleeping-cars, etc., may be obtained of your nearest ticket agent, or by addressing F. J. Moore, General Agent, Nickle Plate Road, 23 Exchange Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

pect of being a mother, when I felt that the very thought of the baby that was coming was unendurable.

And two days before Christmas we had a visitor in our cramped little hut, a visitor to whom we had never been introduced, a visitor who shuffled about in an apologetic kind of way and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, although he had a red pocket-handkerchief sticking out of his pocket. I was in despair! I was very young and ignorant still, and I quite expected that "Black Maria" would be the next move in the game, and that in "Black Maria" Jack and I would be carted off to prison, there to languish for an uncertain period of time. Indeed, I was astonished when Jack made light of the whole affair and remarked in an offhand, airy kind of way that he would square up with the beggars and that he would never deal with them again, by Jove! as long as he lived.

But, all the same, squaring up was more easily said than done. We had just seven pounds fifteen and tenpence left, and the—the—execution (on my honor, I don't like to write the horrid word even now) was for over thirty pounds. We were fairly stumped; it might as well have been thirty hundred pounds for all the likelihood there was of our being able to scrape it together before Jack's quarter's allowance was due. We had months before discovered that most of our silver would be safer at the bank than at an Aldershot hut, and my jewelry had all gone—well, to be cleaned, except my engagement ring, to which I clung with a sort of superstitious fear. Even if I were to let that go, it would not help us much, and, moreover, I felt that it would look so strange not to wear a single ring—I who had never been seen without it since I was first engaged to Jack.

"There's nothing for it but keeping the fellow here as dark as we can for a few days until I can run up to Town and effect a loan," Jack said, when we had stared blankly at each other for a few minutes. "I can't do anything until this beastly Christmas-time is over—it's no use thinking of it."

"I suppose you couldn't borrow it from one of the others?" I suggested.

"Quite impossible," said Jack, almost curtly. "No, I might run over and see the old man and make a clean breast of it to him—but I don't know if that would not be cutting my own throat, so to speak. He's quite the sort of old chap to keep to his word and cut us off entirely. And to think," he wound up, with a sort of groan, "that he is just rolling in money, when we are screwed up for a beggarly thirty pounds! It's sickening."

"I don't think it is very nice of your uncle, Jack," I said, indignantly, "that he has never taken the smallest notice of me since I was married—why, I've never even seen him. He might at least have asked us to Lingley Garth for part of our long leave. That would have helped us out a little. However, it's no use talking of him. The main question is, can we hush up the fact of that dreadful old man being in the kitchen, and can we get that horrid bill paid?"

"We must wait till after Christmas is over," said Jack. "And meantime there is no earthly use in making ourselves wretched about it. They say one gets used to living on the edge of a razor—and I begin to feel like it."

It happened, oddly enough, that my maid had gone home for a few days, as her mother was extremely ill, so that we had only Triffett to do the best he could for us, and we were having our meals sent over from the mess, and when I say sent over I mean to imply that Triffett went over at meal-times and fetched them. It was rather expensive, but it was the only way in which we could do without Cleaver, and it was certainly very comfortable.

So one day went by. Triffett was as safe as houses (Jack's phrase, please), and the old man who was staying with us was used to keeping dark, and indeed Jack promised him a sovereign if he kept well out of the way. So, though several ladies called on me that very afternoon, everything seemed very much as usual, and no one suspected, either, that I had no maid or that we had actually got a man in possession of our few goods and chattels.

So the day went by and Christmas Eve dawned. I had no trouble with housekeeping, as we were being fed from the mess, and I soon did what woman's work was absolutely necessary to be done; and I had just changed my gown for lunch, for I was never sure of five minutes to myself after that time, when Triffett opened the door of my little drawing-room and said in a wooden kind of voice: "Mr. Richard Druce."

I declare you might have knocked me down with a feather when I realized that this was Jack's uncle come to see us at last. But I flatter myself I was equal to the occasion. I jumped up and went to meet the tall, fierce-looking old gentleman, and held out both my hands. "Oh, Jack *will* be *so* pleased!" I exclaimed. "He has thought you so unkind never to come near us all this long time."

Whether I looked a bit fragile, and *that* worked on his feelings, or whether he thought he had tried us long enough, I know not; but he suddenly seemed to melt, and he caught hold of me and kissed me very heartily. "My dear," he said, "you must forgive me for not having been to see you before this. However, I have come now—and, if you'll have me, I will stay over Christmas with you."

I don't mind confessing that my heart went right down into my shoes when I heard this. However, having made a good beginning, I did not see the sense of letting it slide, so I put out my hand again and said that if he would I not mind roughing it, we would do our best to give him as merry a Christmas as was possible in a little cramped soldier's hut.

"I shall *enjoy* it," said Mr. Druce, who seemed determined to be as complacent as possible.

"Which is more than I shall," my thoughts ran. However, I said aloud that if he would excuse me I would go and send a message to Jack and see if he could not manage to get home for lunch or at least to see him.

So out I slipped, and I quickly told Triffett who it was that had come and why it was so important that the present state of affairs should be kept dark. And then I arranged that he should fetch lunch for three and warn the master, and bid our other visitor keep himself as secluded as possible.

Jack came home to lunch, and Triffett served it quite beautifully and the table looked charming, and afterward ever so many people came in and several of the officers brought me their little offerings for the festive season; and altogether we felt that, barring accidents, we should get through the awkward time with unqualified success. And every moment Uncle Richard seemed to like me better and letter, and before he went to bed (in a shake-down in Jack's dressing-room, which we tried to make comfortable for him) he shook Jack's hand and told him that I was the most charming girl he had met for many and many a day.

"And she must be such a manager, too, my boy," he said, rubbing his hands together. "Why, I don't get a better dinner at my club—on my soul I don't. All so noiseless, so little fuss, so simple and elegant. Jack, I congratulate you, my boy."

We had a nice little breakfast, and a simple and elegant lunch, which Uncle Richard seemed to think more wonderful because he had not smelt it in the course of preparation; and then several of the youngsters who had not got leave for Christmas came in and made things lively for us all. And then, when they had all gone, Uncle Richard drew his chair nearer to mine and took hold of my hand. "My dear," he said, "I hope you won't be offended, but I am going to sleep at the hotel to-night. I admire your dinner and your drawing-room, and your management and evident popularity, but I cannot stand another night of that bed. You are sure you won't mind."

"My dear Uncle Richard," I replied, "if we had known you were coming we would have got a better bed in for you. It is only Jack's camp bed that he had for the maneuvers, for we don't lay ourselves out for visitors—we can't afford them. But for *you*—"

"Another time, my dear," he said, hurriedly, "I'll give you due notice. As it was, I wanted to take you unawares. I'll go to the hotel to-night, and, by the bye, this is my Christmas present to you. And you can tell Jack that I am very pleased with him and that I shall double his allowance from to-day—from last quarter, that is. I am very much pleased with him."

"And with me?" I asked, slyly.

"Quite in love with you," was his gallant rejoinder.

And when I came to look at Uncle Richard's Christmas present to me, I found a check for a hundred pounds. And to this very day that dear old man tells how he took us unawares and what a merry Christmas we passed together in our little Aldershot hut. But, sometimes, I cannot help feeling a little bit guilty when he descants on my virtues as a housekeeper and on the excellent cook we had at that memorable time—the cook who had been *chef* to a Duke, and who was the pride of the Royal Horse and the envy of every other regiment in the whole of Her Majesty's service!

"BODY RESTED, MIND AT EASE."

THAT is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides, there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far West. Write to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining cars in the world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

The Earl of Rosebery's Soliloquy

SCENE.—*The private office of the English Prime Minister, Downing Street, London. Prime Minister Rosebery—forty-seven years old, plump, rosy and merry—has been looking in the mirror. It is a pleasing reflection, and he addresses it:*

My name is Primrose. On the Grampian Hills
My granddad gathered "rocks," a Scottish laird,
And, while on porritch and brown bread he fared,
He kept a frugal eye upon my bills.

(*Turns as if addressing a select public.*)

I want to show young men who like my niche
That, born a laird, I was na ower rich.
But I've been always lucky,
And I've been always plucky.
Pluck and luck and a hard Scotch head,
Tho' raised on porritch and barley bread,
Can do a lot for a bright young man.
With three resolves my life began—
Aweel, aweel, it's worth yer while
To hear me tell it in ballad style.

(*Sings to the accompaniment of bagpipes played by a Rosebery gillie, wearing long trousers as a concession to the Nonconformist Conscience.*)

My granddad drew me beside his knee,
And gave me the Scottish order.
"Look South, look South o' the Tweed," says he,
"Over the English Border.
An' wha's the man in all the land,
Great or honest or sinister,
Whose job you'd lek to tak' in hand?"
I modestly said, "Prime Minister."
"Hoot an' awa'!" says he, "my lad."
"I'm onto it, sure," says I, "granddad."
My granddad beckoned me to his side
An' his weather eye he winkit,
"Look South, look South o' the Tweed," he cried;
An' again his right eye blinkit.
"An' wha's the lass ye'd mak' yer bride,
Daughter of duke or miller?"
"The lass, granddad," I prompt replied,
"Wha's got maist gold an' siller."
"Hoot an' awa'," yer a Scot, my lad."
"I'll marry that lass," says I, "granddad,"
The Earl he laughed his dry Scotch laugh,
The laugh that he had to order
"It's no a quarter or only a half,
Ye want across the Border.
An' tell me noo in yer wildest dreams,
Ye greedy leetle sinner,
Is there anything else that still wanting seems?"
Says I, "A Derby winner!"
"Hoot and awa'! yer daft, my lad."
"I'll have the blue ribbon," says I, "granddad."

(*The piper retires into a cupboard, and the Premier chuckles softly.*)

Oh, that was the tale of my wishes,
A glory of loaves and of fishes.
Gladder and gladder, I toiled up the ladder,
And behold they have come to me—
The crown of my wishes three—
The man at the Parliament tiller,
The girl with Lord Rothschild's siller,
The horse of the year, highest hope of a peer,
Society's pet and its pillar.

(*Sits down with a complacent smile, takes up a State Paper, frowns, orders a dozen warships sent to China, subscribes to a Blind Asylum, examines his betting book, calls for the resignation of the Ambassador to Turkey, and does other things indicative of great wealth and power and a careful regard for popularity. Gets up and buttons his coat.*)

You would like me to tell you my plans
for success,
How I rose, how I "got there," my struggle and stress?
Well it wasn't so hard. If you take the right start,
You can fly to the stars in a coster lad's cart.
Be solid, be supple; be sure to defer
To the Great Man above you. His foibles prefer
To the wisdom of others, no matter how wise.
Let ev'ry man think you've a mind of your own,
Yet be sure 'tis not yours, but the Great Man's alone,
Till he looks in your face as it promises fair,
And it mirror like shows him that you are his heir;
That your brain is the sole one to work out his plan,
And that suns rise and set in your special Great Man.

(*Takes his red-brown dogskin gloves out of his pocket, and begins putting them on.*)

So, ruddy checked, at Gladstone's feet I sat,
Praised all his speeches, handed him his hat;

Out-Liberaled Vernon Harcourt; damned the Tory;
Wrote articles proclaiming Gladstone's glory;
Smiled when my Great Man laughed; lived in his ear;
Became the model young Progressive Peer;
Pushed and held back; waited and ran on;
Saw, one by one, the old war-horses gone;
Then, when at last it was the time to punt,
I punted, and went bowing to the front;
First got a touch-down; nobly filled my role,
And when fell Gladstone, ably kicked a goal.
The laurels cluster, and the henchmen muster;
I picked out Ladas and he proved a buster,
The Rothschild millions and the Primrose pluck
Have made the running for the Rosebery luck.

(*Takes off his gloves again; his eyes sparkle, and he becomes very genial.*)

I mean to keep the saddle, sirs, and ride the race for Fame,
I swing with ev'ry wind that stirs: I'm up to ev'ry game;
I jolly along the Irish; I also butter Scotch,
The English Bull I gayly pull which way I want, just watch.
The way to be a Liberal is liberal to be;
If any man wants anything, be that your policy.
To give and keep on giving is a very proper rule,
To ease the pain of living, give a rope to ev'ry fool.
Reform the Lords? Of course I will; their House is out of gear.
Make new peers? Certainly I'll fill the place with pipes and beer

John Burns shall be a Marquis, Keir Hardie be a Duke;
Joe Chamberlain shall black their boots, or merit their rebuke.
My barons shall be bakers. To yokels I'll allow
A farm of forty acres and a sixteen-gallon cow.
Why, all the working people shall pass their time in play,
While Tory Lords shall do the work at fourteen hours a day.
I'll build a Navy fit to whip Russia joined with France,
I'll make the British Lion roar, and make old Salisbury dance.
You'll get Home Rule, beloved Pats; you'll nevermore pay rent,
I'll disestablish Kirk and Church, and laugh at money spent.

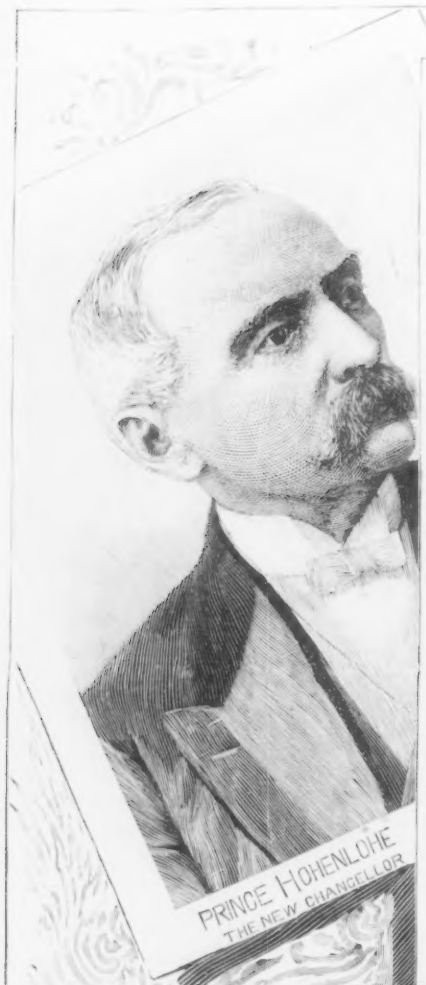
(*Enter a pale-faced Queen's messenger, who trembling hands a telegram.*)

Well, here's a go: another Liberal seat
Lost to the Party. Call a council quick.
(We must not show emotion 'fore our clerks.)
The storm-winds batter on my ship of State;
The wild waves, lashed to foam, leap to the shrouds
Another dozen of champagne—no!—ships.
To China! Tell them down in Whitechapel
I've sent two legs of mutton to a widow.
Tell Harcourt he must make a speech on beer,
For I'm resolved to linger longer here.

(*Enter a dismal flunkey with an insolent air and a letter. Lord Rosebery tears it open and reads it.*)

They're discontented with me: want me out—
Harcourt, Morley and the Asquith rout,
With Labouchere and jeerers of that ilk
Urged on by Spencer and backed up by Dilke.
"I don't go far enough the mob to reach!"
What *can* they want? I'll make another speech.

(*Exit hurriedly, putting on his gloves.*)



EMPEROR WILLIAM

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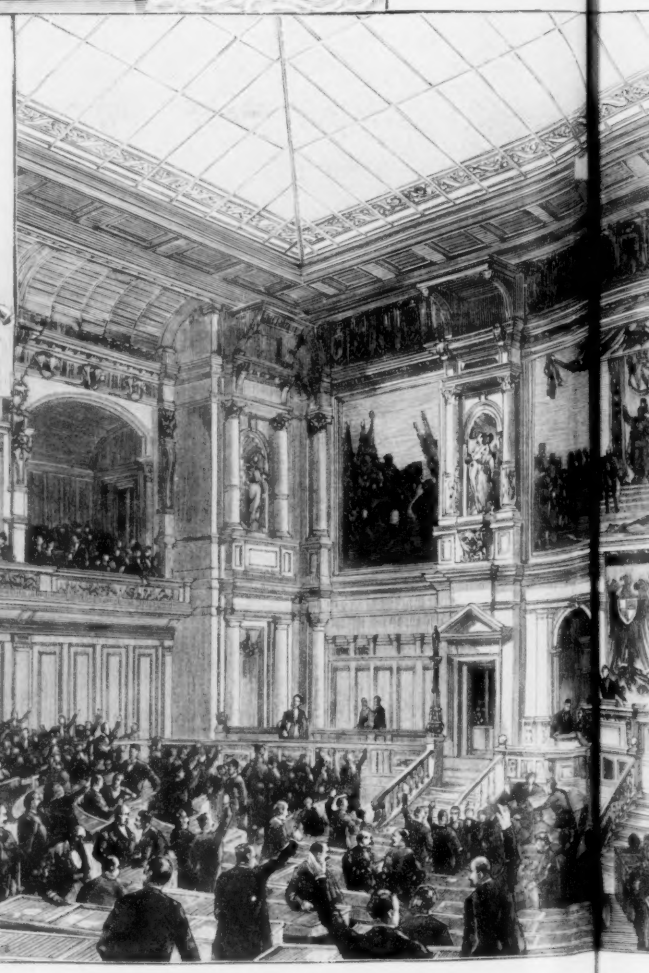
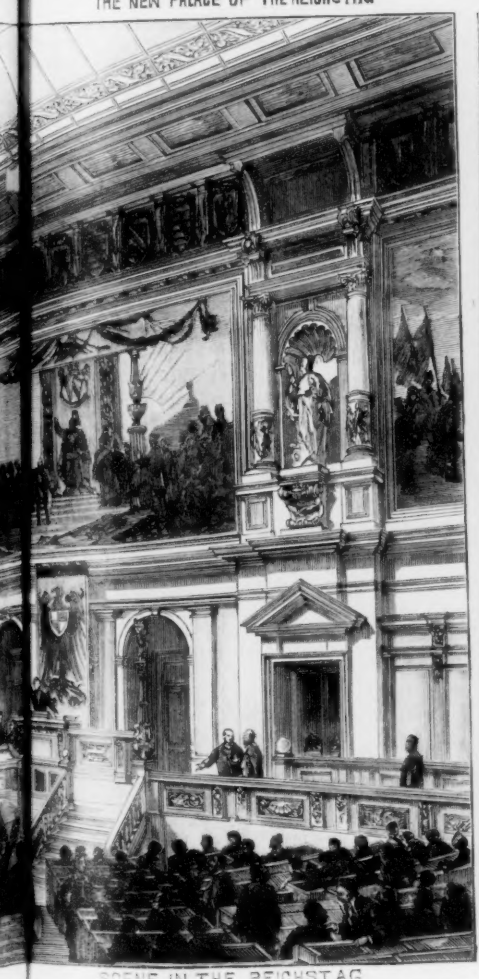


THE CONFLICT IN GERMANY BETWEEN TH

(See page 10.)

THE NEW PALACE OF THE REICHSTAG



SCENE IN THE REICHSTAG

THE LOBBY

EEN THE EMPEROR AND SOCIAL DEMOCRATS.

(See page 10.)

QUEEN OF THE ASTORS.

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY GILSON WILLETS.

WHEREVER the name of Astor is known it is a synonym for wealth. It is a name so closely associated with bank accounts, gold chests and jewel cases that the public does not always remember it as associated also with courtesy, hospitality, patriotism and intellect.

A name affording speculation, gossip and entertainment to society, some of us are apt to forget that it is characterized by charity, consistency and unostentatious living. The good deeds of the Astors have never been proclaimed by trumpets; their private life has never been thrust before the public with their consent. They have never posed, never bragged, never made vain show of their importance. Yet, possessing nearly the largest fortune in the world, whatever happens in the Astor family has place in the social history of our country. The birth, marriage or death of an Astor is equal in importance to a similar event in a reigning house in a monarchical country.

But to detect undue assumption of importance on the part of the Astors themselves, you will wait in vain. Obviously all this has its proper bearing upon the woman who is the inspiring subject of this sketch.

Who is more thoroughly qualified to represent the family wealth, influence and honor than Mrs. William Astor, rightly acknowledged as Queen of the Astors, but known in society as simply Mrs. Astor?

Some of us view people of money and fame through the big end of a field-glass, thus seeing them afar off, and classifying them as creatures apart from average humanity. Alas! some persons look out at the world through the wrong end of the field-glass all their lives.

But turn the small end, the proper end, to the eye, and bring the millionaires and celebrities to close range. The sight proves very interesting! Men of money and men of fame—and women, too—are found in their inner, truer life to be just as human as we know our best friends to be—just as loving or hateful, just as cheerful or cranky, just as happy or "blue," just as wicked or good, just as warm or cold, just as dyspeptic or healthfully bubbling—these millionaires and celebrities, as if they had no money or success or fame at all.

I have compared Mrs. Astor to the head of a reigning house in a monarchical country, but it was only a comparison—and one which I am sure Mrs. Astor herself would disapprove. She never was a vain woman, never willfully arrogant, never self-important, never over-dignified, never supremely supercilious.

After what has been said it seems inconsistent to add that, in person, Mrs. Astor is every bit a queen; but a pen-portrait of her cannot be drawn without beginning with queenly lines. She has a queen's proportions, a queen's dignity, a queen's grace.

Otherwise her face commands interest—correctly arched eyebrows, large eyes that penetrate, firm lips and full chin. She has an arm of strength and fingers of gentleness, and on the fourth finger of the left hand is coiled the gold band that holds the signet of the Astors. There's a portrait of Mrs. Astor made with a brush and by a master hand. Carolus Duran has perpetuated her in a canvas in which she stands like one living. In this picture she seems to breathe—all the picture lacks is the magnetism of speech and motion, which no art, not even the highest, can reproduce.

This majestic Duran was on view at the recent Exhibition of Women's Portraits. Before it there in its place of honor, the social authority of Mrs. Astor recognized by a quasi-regal paneling in maroon painting, the world came to make secret obeisance. There's an honestly inherited Anglo-mania in society that causes it to love to acknowledge some woman as queen.

The multitude wanted to crown Mrs. Washington in earnest, and call her queen, but the democratic lady would have none of it. Neither would Mrs. Astor; hence the secrecy and silence of society's homage and obedience to her.

Duran's portrait represents her in a black gown, simple, but evidently a costly one, with a court train; point lace around the neck, a suggestion of balloon sleeves, and a necklace and hair ornaments of diamonds. Her face is in repose, suggesting none too much of either happiness or sorrow. She is thinking, but you can't tell what she is thinking about. She might have been thinking what a funny little brush Duran used, or she might have been wondering why some people find it hard to believe in immortality. It is a thoughtful face. There is in it something of pride, not the pride of worldly possession, but of worldly well-doing.

Her son, John Jacob Astor, was in the group. Would this not suggest an excuse for pride? What woman, with or without millions, that has lived to see her children married and journeying quite happily down the life-road, is not proud? Mrs. Astor has lived to see each of her four daughters and her one son married; she has lived to give one daughter to death, to welcome a precious baby grandchild. And yet the winter of Mrs. Astor's life is not so near—her life's autumn has only just begun.

Since her husband's death, in the spring of 1892, Mrs. Astor has, of course, suspended her duties as society's leader. Until this year she has not appeared at social events, simply having devoted her time to charities, to the good work undertaken by Trinity Chapel, to the duties of friendship, and to the offices of a mother.

Mrs. Astor spends the summer at her place in Newport, the fall at Rhinecliffe with John Jacob Astor, and the winter at the town house, No. 350 Fifth Avenue, which is hers for life. Here is where she is living at the present moment—living in that great house, where the tramp, who is now a character in local history, unlawfully sought to test the ease of the bed of one of Mrs. Astor's servants.

She has dropped the mantle of mourning, and wears now what convention calls half-mourning. As a rule, this means any color excepting black, but Mrs. Astor still dresses in dark colors only. Here in this great square old-fashioned mansion of plain red brick, so modest without, so palatial within, Mrs. Astor lives in what, contrasted with the entertaining and glory of former years, is comparative seclusion.

Each morning and afternoon she descends the steps with stately dignity, and is driven away in her Victoria.

The word stately suggests a significant fact to the contrary that characterizes the mode of life of American millionaires and of the Astors in particular. With ever multiplying millions at their command, none know better than do the Astors, that sustained stateliness of daily life, as in the case of English noblemen for example, is not possible in America; for even if a millionaire himself desires it, it demands two conditions—a vast retinue, and public acquiescence, neither of which in this country is purchasable with money.

The daily life of the Astors, princely though it could be, has ever been lived on this principle: not because of fear of public criticism if they lived otherwise, but through the inborn vigor and sound democratic principles grafted into the Astor tree early in the century, and thriving in every branch since.

I have said that the house is hers for life, because Mr. William Astor left it thus for her use during her lifetime. With her life's close it was to become the property of her son, John Jacob. Ere another year sweeps across New York, No. 350 Fifth Avenue will be torn away to make room for another Astor hotel—a hotel grander than the Waldorf next door, and probably the finest in this country, which already possesses such a host of magnificent and luxurious hotels.

The present house and the residence of William B. Astor, which stood on the site of the present Hotel Waldorf, occupied the entire Fifth Avenue front between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets. In the Waldorf, there is a private dining-room and a reception-room fitted up with the same tapestries, same panelings, same furniture, everything just as they were in similar rooms in the old house. And now, down comes the house in which Mrs. Astor lives to-day.

Already some of the tapestries have been stripped from the walls and sent to Europe to be made ready for the new white marble palace now building at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street, into which Mrs. Astor and her son will move next year.

Meanwhile the old house is by no means barren of beautiful things. Mrs. Astor's private apartments are in the front on the second floor facing Fifth Avenue, a bedroom and a parlor—but it is not our purpose to peer into sacred precincts. Let us confine ourselves to the lower floor, where in magnificent apartments casual friends and strangers are received. The photographs of these rooms, by the way, which were taken exclusively for ONCE A WEEK and which are shown on page 4, are the last pictures that will be taken in the famous old house. I have Mrs. Astor's own words to the effect that the process of demolition from now on makes these positively the last pictures.

You enter the great square hall, set with an artistic confusion of bronze and marble statuary, and bric-a-brac and candelabra from every country, on one side being the staircase and reception-room, on the other the drawing-rooms. Down the big hall on the left is a colossal mirror looking like a great lake turned upright; while opposite burns a gas fire in a great blue and white porcelain fireplace of elaborate workmanship, bought, I am told, at the Centennial Exhibition.

At the further end of the hall, guarding the entrance to the dining-room, stand two steel-bound knights of old, or, rather, two complete but empty sets of armor. To the right of the dining-room are the rare Gobelin tapestries, and Hector Leroux's broad painting of the "Danaides."

The first and largest drawing-room is finished in crimson and gold with velvet furniture; the second drawing-room is in lavender blue—the Astor color—and the room beyond, decorated in more somber tints, is the library. Some of all this beautiful furniture will go to the new house uptown, and some of it will be used in the "Astor rooms" in the proposed new hotel.

Through the dining-room, with its furnishing of hard woods, bronze-tinted walls and dark leather furniture, just pausing to admire the silver plate which the Astors have been gathering for many years, you pass through two sets of portieres into a room towering to a dome sixty feet above. This is the art gallery. Until last year, when Cornelius Vanderbilt opened the art gallery in his new house, I believe the Astor gallery held the finest private collection in this country.

Now that you are in the room, you feel that you could spend hours there profitably. After a glance at the wainscoting and the massive chimney of ebony—this latter encasing a great yawning fireplace where whole trees might burn—with another glance at the beautiful chandelier dropping down the centre, and at the polished oak floor set in mosaic design, you begin to enjoy the paintings. The largest is Van Marcke's cattle piece; then there is Cabanel's "Samson and Delilah," Detaille's "Ambulance Corps," Jules Breton's "Le Repos," Gerome's "Moorish Bath," Fromentin's "Halt in the Desert," and an exquisite Corot—"The Nest"—not to mention paintings by Schreyer, Le Febvre, Millet, Troyon, and fifty other masters.

Whether this collection will be kept intact or not Mrs. Astor has not yet determined. Mrs. Astor never tires of her pictures.

In this house on January 21 of each year Mrs. Astor used to give a grand ball—an event which year after year kept adding to the social glory of the name of Astor. Here gathered the largest and most fashionable assemblages of the season, and, with dancing on the oaken floor of the art gallery, with music, lights, flowers and good cheer, society enjoyed refined and hospitable entertainment. And Mrs. Astor reigned over all—fixing the highest standard as a society leader.

Mrs. Astor was a Schermerhorn, an old, rightly honored Knickerbocker name, still holding a high place in New York society. She was Miss Caroline Schermerhorn, daughter of Abraham Schermerhorn. Her mother was an old friend of William B. Astor, and thus the daughter of a Schermerhorn and the son of an Astor were brought together and became man and wife on September 23, 1853—a little more than forty years ago.

To him she brought all the accomplishments and intellect required to fit her for the high social position she was destined to occupy. Soon after his marriage William Astor gave up all outside enterprises and devoted himself entirely to the management of the great Astor estates. That he built yachts with more regard to comfort than to speed does not imply that he was not a worker. Like his father, and his grandfather, John Jacob Astor, the pioneer, he could not live without work, and more than once said that he was simply a clerk in his own establishment.

He was never ill, excepting a throat trouble which impelled him to spend the winters in Florida or in the south of France. Meanwhile Mrs. Astor was duly carrying out the social requirements of Queen of the Astors, at the same time that she proudly helped her children grow to womanhood and to manhood.

It was during one of those health trips abroad that William Astor was suddenly stricken in Paris and died of heart failure, in May, 1892. By conservative investments in real estate, the traditional theory of wealth accumulation which the Astors put into practice, the estate increased by gradual accession, till he died leaving a fortune estimated all the way from twenty to fifty million dollars—the bulk of it going to his only son, young John Jacob Astor. He left two hundred thousand dollars in charitable bequests, and the rest went to his wife and daughters. One daughter, Emily, wife of James J. Van Alan of Newport, died before Mr. Astor. The others, still living, are Helen, wife of Mr. Roosevelt Roosevelt; Charlotte Augusta, otherwise Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton, and Caroline Schermerhorn, who married Mr. Orme Wilson, the lawyer, only a few years ago. Mrs. Astor is an equal mother to all her children, receiving and visiting them all in turn.

Just a word about the new white marble palace on the corner of Sixty-fifth Street, which is soon to be Mrs. Astor's new home. It faces Central Park, and—perhaps I am telling tales out of school now—it has two rather unique features. Young John Jacob, who is building it, has carved on the outside a bust of himself, his wife, his baby, his father, his mother, his grandfather, and, I rather think, of every Astor back to his great-grandfather, the first Astor.

Another odd feature of this Astoral architecture is the A's which dot the house in every direction, like the Napoleonic N's on the old French Empire furniture. But these are trifles. The house is indeed a monumental pile, full worthy to hold the Astors of to-day. And here is where Mrs. Astor, in her magnificent diamond coronet and her bejeweled stomacher, in her courtly dresses, in her genuine, charming, hospitable way, with the assistance of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, will again entertain and hold court as the Queen of the Astors and the First of the Four Hundred.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

The Burlington Route is the only railway running "Personally Conducted" Excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without change.

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THE GERMAN CONFLICT.

A SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC MANIFESTATION AGAINST THE KAISER.

THE young Kaiser of Germany has at last brought on the conflict which he has long been provoking, with the Social-Democrats in the Reichstag. Immensely re-enforced at the recent elections, the Socialists—or, as they would call themselves if they dared, the Republicans—have rebelled against the arbitrary measures which the Kaiser was heaping upon them. So it happened that at the initial seance of the Reichstag in its new and splendid palace on the 6th of December, the Socialists declined to rise and join in the cheers for the Emperor for which the President called at the end of his speech. This at once caused great confusion, the Conservative deputies menacing the Socialists; and for a time the Reichstag was like Pandemonium. But the Socialists refused to change their attitude, and Herr Singer, the deputy who has long been at the head of the protest against the Emperor's Imperialism, cried out that he would never join in cheering for a man who told his soldiers that at his command they must fire upon their fellow-citizens.

The Emperor is reported to have been terribly angry at this direct manifestation against him, and new proceedings for *lese-majeste*, or conduct insulting to the Royal and Imperial head of the Government and nation were likely to follow, if the Reichstag would authorize the prosecution of those of its members who had offended. A deputy cannot be prosecuted without the assent of the body in which he sits; and the Reichstag is perhaps unwilling to create a precedent which in Wilhelm's present mood might prove dangerous. Herr Singer being placed at the head of the committee to consider the matter, the report was naturally unfavorable, and the deputies are still safe from the Imperial claw. This may lead to a dissolution of the Reichstag and new elections, after which the Emperor may find the situation aggravated.

Herr Paul Singer has been in the Reichstag as a Socialist member for ten years. He is a successful man of business, and at one time employed a thousand men, but lately has occupied himself mainly with politics. He was expelled from Berlin in 1886, but returned and took up his old rôle. At the time of the state of siege in Berlin he contributed handsomely to aid the wives and families of expelled Socialists. When he was threatened with a second expulsion he announced that he would close his factories, which would put one thousand men upon the pavement out of work, and the authorities decided to let him alone. Intelligent and respectable men like Liebknecht, Bebel and Singer openly announce that they will no longer submit to be persecuted by the Emperor. The Republican tone of the large number of new deputies from the great cities of the Empire is said to have so incensed the Kaiser that he is acting without caution. If all the Socialists were as wise as those in Germany there would be more hope for free government in Europe—(See pages 8 and 9.)

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE STAGE IN LONDON AND NEW YORK.

FEW subjects can be more interesting to a student of the stage than the comparison of the theatre—taking the word theatre in its widest significance—of one country with the theatre of another. And since all sane criticism lives by comparison, few subjects can be more fruitful of good, to the critic at least, if not to the things criticised. Yet to be asked, as I have been asked, to describe from my own standpoint the most salient points of difference between the English and American stages is to be challenged to an adventure that might give pause indeed even to the most experimental. To do so fitly and fully would demand the possession of the qualities which in the very nature of the business are practically denied as soon as they are demanded. It would rightly require a lifelong knowledge of the English stage, and a lifelong knowledge of the American stage—a dual existence that might defy the ubiquity even of the nonpareil of birds. It would require even more than this: a dual existence would not suffice; the truly competent critic should possess as many personalities as Kehama in the legend when he made bold to enter a hundred gates at the same time in a hundred multiplications of his own personality. For to all intents and purposes, who says the London stage says the English, but it would be unwise indeed for even the most superficial observer to assume that to say the New York stage is to say the American stage. Let me admit at once that to attempt so colossal an enterprise is not merely beyond my powers, but beyond my dreams. For the purposes of such contrast as I can draw and such advantage as I can gain from the comparison of two stages, New York must serve me as the protagonist to London. And even with this limitation I recognize to the full the gravity of the deed and the inadequateness of the doer. With the English stage I may certainly claim something more than mere acquaintance. It is rash for the most persistent, the most limited specialist to assert wide knowledge even of his favorite subject. But so far as patient observation, intimate association and zealous affection can equip for the study of a subject and authorize the expression of any opinion upon it I may be permitted to please myself with the fancy that I know something about the London stage. I can scarcely flatter myself that I know anything worth speaking of about the New York stage. It has, as I believe, happened once, if not more than once, that strangers have visited the United States, have moved with briskness from town to town within the compass of the conventional holiday, and have returned to write their impressions of the American people and to pronounce their verdict upon America. I can only wonder at so flagrant a folly. For myself, I feel sufficiently abashed at being called upon to make even the lightest examination of and pass the most diffident opinion upon one little corner in the great and complicated question of American life and American thought. But modesty shall not circumvent candor. Take for what they are worth the impressions that the New York stage produces upon a dramatic student from over sea. At least they shall deserve the credit of the same frankness that was the impulse of all that I have ever written upon the London stage.

The first question that I find myself asked, on the very threshold of the attempt, is sufficiently alarming. For it asks no less a question than this: "Is the moral tone of the modern English drama lower than that of the American?" Yet if the question is alarming in the very magnitude of its inquiry, it has for me the immediate fascination of aptness, pertinence, of reviving my interest in an old controversy at the very moment when my interest in such a speculation has been quickened by a message from the Old World. I am reminded, on the one hand, that the English play of our day which most deserves serious consideration as a work of art has met in the main with the disapproval of the American public. On the other hand, I am made aware by certain words which have just reached me that if not the voice of English criticism, at least a voice in English criticism has been lifted in protest against a growing tendency toward immorality on the English stage. Let me take each of these instances in turn. As I understand, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" has not met with the general approval of the playgoing public of this country. That is the impression that I have formed from what I have heard and from what I have read. From what I have heard and from what I have read I gather that the American playgoing public, or the majority of the American playgoing public, did not like Mr. Pinero's play, did not approve of its treatment of life and did not admit that its merits as a work of art justified its choice of subject or its method of treatment. If I have been rightly informed, if I have rightly informed myself, if the general verdict of this country has decided against "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" on moral grounds I can only regret and regretfully decline to accept that verdict. If it is to become one of the canons of criticism in this country that the presentation of a character like Paula Tanqueray is not to be permitted, then I think this country to be the loser by its law of dramatic decorum and England to have in this the conspicuous advantage. The real danger to the English stage from the success of such a stern study of life as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" lies in the inevitable imitations of less masterful hands. There is great danger of the London stage being burdened by would-be studies in the neurotic and the erotic by writers incapable of the humanity and unequal to the austerity which makes "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" the chief English play of our time. There is no danger to public morals in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Yet there was a time when its author did, to my mind, threaten to be of some danger to public morals. In some of his work, and most conspicuously in "The Hobby-Horse," he had adopted an attitude of irreverence toward life which was far more fatal both to art and to morality than the most merciless study of such a woman as Paula could possibly be. That spirit of irreverence was evoked by another craftsman, but it was fostered for a time by the dramatist who now stands first and stands alone among the writers for the English stage. I do not know how far that spirit influences, if it influences at all, the American stage; but its influence is a danger more to be dreaded, more insidious, more fatally destructive than realism on the one hand or impropriety on the other. A character in one of the greatest of German plays sends a noble message to a friend. "Tell him," he says, "to reverence in manhood the dreams of his youth." The moment that reverence in its highest and truest sense passes out of an art the art must wither. It is but as the golden mask on the face of a dead king. It is to be hoped that our stage has escaped from this influence, as our dramatist has escaped from it.

But as I said a little while back, there has just come to me from London certain evidence that concerns the question of the moral tone on the London stage. My friend, Mr. William Archer, the dramatic critic of the London *World*, is a writer with whom it is seldom my fortune to find myself in agreement. But he is unquestionably a keen observer, he is unquestionably eager for what he believes to be the advancement of the English stage, and he is certainly not a man who would like to be credited with any conservative regard for the conventionalities, with any desire to make himself the mouthpiece of the regulation respectabilities. I learn from Mr. Archer's criticism of a piece recently produced in London at a popular theatre that, unless his ears deceived him, genuine sounds of disapproval mingled with the laughter which greeted the *grivoiseries* of the piece. "If so," he goes on to say, "if so—and I do not think I can have been mistaken—the fact was very significant. It is the first time I ever heard—what shall I say?—well, that sort of thing hissed on the English stage. Far more flagrant offenses have passed of late years without a murmur; but at last it seems as though the public were awakening to the truth that the only way to keep the stage wholesome and reputable is to take the censorship into its own hands." It must be frankly admitted by all who feel affection for the English stage that what Mr. Archer says does not exaggerate the evil. In London pieces of a certain kind the tendency has been growing to emulate by suggestion the more insolent indecency of certain phases of French drama. England has a censorship of the stage. That censor is nominally the Lord Chamberlain, and practically is the official under him who has the title of Examiner of Plays. It would be from my present purpose even to approach the question of the advantage or disadvantage of possessing such a censor. The office is there; it is held at this time by Mr. Edward F. S. Pigott, who brings to his official duties the threefold merits of being a scholar, a gentleman and a man of the world. Under the authority of Mr. Pigott those English theatres which are dedicated to levity seldom indeed offend with the spoken word. But it would be affectation to deny that they do offend, at times, by the suggested thought, by the innuendo, by the indecent meaning which a grimace, a gesture, a tone of voice can give to words which, as baldly uttered and as baldly printed, have no offense in them. It would be childish ignorance or childish insolence to deny that a certain kind of piece on the stage of a certain kind of playhouse in London occasionally offends with heavy-handed indiscretions; that author and actor are occasionally permitted to defy decency and to deride decorum with serenity, secure in the sense that the words they utter, coldly recorded, convey in their direct immediate meaning, apart from context, apart from facial, physical or vocal contortion, no ostentatious impropriety. I know of actors whose success in moving mirth is sometimes due to the way in which they can make words that are either meaningless or of perfectly harmless meaning seem, by the detestable dexterity of the way in which they are said, to carry with them some corrupt, some repulsive or some cheaply coarse signification. Sins of this kind are of course the disgrace of any stage and must become its despair if they were long to be permitted. But of this kind of offense, so far as I am able to judge, New York at least is remarkably free. I went the other evening to see a performance which was, I suppose, more or less characteristic of a certain school of New York entertainment. It was a kind of farce, or at least it began as a farce, and ended as a kind of variety show. It rivaled in its ineptitude the like experiments in London. But it was honorably conspicuous in this, that with all its faults and all its follies, it made no attempt to solicit a single smile by any ribald suggestion, by any veiled indecency. It won its laughter by buffoonery which was often stupid, but was always clean. I am told on good authority that such is the rule of the New York stage, that in those theatres where folly reigns folly is never foul and that indecency of the kind denounced by the critic I have quoted does not exist because it would not be tolerated. New York, I am assured, needs no censor because its playgoing public form their own censorship, and would punish grossness by the sure penalty of abstention. If this be so, as I have every reason to believe it to be so, so much the better for New York. But for my own stage and for my own people I must say that if we are not wholly blameless in this regard, still our offending is rare and markedly the exception. It would seem from the protests that my friend has recorded that there is little fear of the exception degenerating into a rule.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

RAILROAD TRAIN FIRST, BICYCLE SECOND, RUNNING HORSE THIRD.

JOHNSON'S time of 1.35 2-5 for a mile ranks second fastest of any method of progression. Engine No. 999 of the Empire State Express covered a mile over the New York Central tracks between Crittenden and Wende, N. Y., on May 10, 1895, in 32 seconds, being the record for the distance. Salvator, the great running horse, ran a mile in 1.35 1-2 on the Monmouth track, August 28, 1890. In no other class of sport has the two-minute mark been beaten under fair conditions. The pacing record for a mile is 2.01 1-2, made by Robert J., while the lowest trotting figures were made by Alix at Galesburg, recently 2.03 3-4.—*From the Bicycling World.*

THE VICE-REGAL HEADQUARTERS IN MONTREAL.

IT is just forty-five years since a Governor-General has honored Montreal with more than a flying visit, and naturally the decision of Lord Aberdeen to make Montreal his place of residence during the winter has been hailed with general joy. Society likes it, because hitherto it has missed the *éclat* of the vice-regal presence at its entertainments, and the common herd is delighted on account of the well-known benevolence of both the Governor-General and his wife and the substantial benefits they expect to realize from their stay.

The house which their Excellencies will inhabit is the property of Lady Abbott, the residence of the late Premier Sir J. J. C. Abbott, and stands on Montreal's most aristocratic thoroughfare, Sherbrooke Street, almost side by side with the new residence of Sir William C. Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was built in 1883, at a cost of about fifty-five thousand dollars, and is the more remarkable because it is the only red brick residence for several blocks. It is built in the English Renaissance style, and though the front is not very wide, it extends back eighty-five feet on the lot, with a small brick stable in the rear. Beyond a narrow strip of lawn in front there are no grounds attached to the house, and in this respect the new occupants will sadly miss Rideau Hall. One enters the house through an octagonal-shaped hall decorated with a few pictures and several suits of old armor. On the right is the spacious library, with a plain but serviceable writing desk near the window. In this room several Cabinet councils were held and here the late Premier of the Dominion virtually abdicated. On the opposite side of the hall is a small room, to be occupied by his Excellency's secretary. A glass door leads from the hall to the conservatory, which at one time was the best stocked in all Montreal. At present there is somewhat of a scarcity of plants, which, however, include a number of very fine orchids, of which the late owner was passionately fond. The greenhouse is about a hundred and forty feet long.

Behind the library is the dining-room, thirty-five feet long by twenty wide, the walls of which are decorated with a few small but valuable paintings. Behind this are three small rooms, to be used as bedrooms by the servants. The grand stairway of polished black walnut leads to the drawing-rooms on the second floor. The main chamber is forty-five feet long by twenty wide and hung in silk. At one end a French window separates the drawing-room from another small conservatory, devoted for the present to hundreds of brilliant chrysanthemums, and at the other is a large decorated fireplace. The furniture is modern and selected more for the sake of utility than of show. An inner drawing-room, twenty feet by sixteen, connects with the cheery small saloon set apart for the private use of Lady Aberdeen. It is very simply decorated and a few crayon pictures hang on the walls, while a small but beautifully carved bookcase of oak stands in the corner. Opposite her Ladyship's room is the one occupied by Miss Wilson, her secretary, which contains a big writing desk and looks quite business-like. The sleeping apartments of their Excellencies are at the extreme end of the passage, as are those of Lady Marjorie Gordon, one of the editors of "Wee Willie Winkie," and Mr. R. Erskine, the comptroller of the household.

The schoolroom is a long, light and airy room, more especially devoted to the studies of Lord Archie Gordon, who is nine years old. The remaining bedrooms are for the aides-de-camp and occasional visitors. The impression given by the whole is one of delightful and unostentatious dignity and usefulness.—(See page 13.)

P. SPANJAARDT.

A WORD ABOUT THE LIBRARY.

ONCE A WEEK Library has now been established a sufficiently long time for subscribers to have found out just what extraordinary advantages they enjoy in consideration of the barely nominal cost of subscription. The fortnightly novels published in connection with the paper constitute one of its most attractive features. This is not surprising when the high quality of fiction which alone finds acceptance with the publisher is taken into account. The most distinguished living novelists at home and abroad are pleased to have their works brought before the American public through the medium of ONCE A WEEK Library. If you glance back over the list of contributors to the fortnightly novel series during the past two years, you will find in it the names of the authors whose stories form leading features of all the first-class magazines.

Numerous instances could be quoted to show that the publications of the Library are abreast of, if not in advance of, those of other leading houses. The future arrangement of the publisher provides for a continued supply of high-class fiction from the pens of the best living writers. The success of his past efforts in keeping up the standard of the books, regardless of cost, is great enough to encourage him in maintaining the same policy, and old and new subscribers alike may feel satisfied that in patronizing the Library they will be consulting their own best interests and securing the greatest value for their small investment.

A new novel by Edgar Saltus, entitled "When Dreams Come True," is presented with this number of ONCE A WEEK. It is essentially a love story, being an account from first to last of the experiences of a wealthy young New Yorker whose affections vacillated between two women of decidedly opposite natures. The hero is most unlucky in both suits, and, for a time, the reader is puzzled to know how the tangled ends of his difficulties are ever going to be straightened out. The plot is skillfully constructed and ingeniously worked up so as to prepare a genuine surprise at the close. The sidelights thrown on New York society are vivid and interesting, but what the author excels in is the delineation of character, especially of female character, the mysteries of which he seems to have penetrated to some purpose. "When Dreams Come True" can hardly fail to please the majority of subscribers to the Library.

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.

THE handsomest illustrated brochure of the season has just been issued by the general passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, giving a woman's opinion of the compartment sleeping cars run on the solid vestibuled electric lighted trains of that line between Chicago, Milwaukee, Kilbourn City (the dells of Wisconsin), La Crosse, Winona, St. Paul and Minneapolis. It contains time table of express trains to and from points above named, as well as between Chicago, Cedar Rapids, Sioux City, Council Bluffs and Omaha. Gives the sleeping and parlor car rates between Chicago and the principal cities west.

Write to J. G. Everest, General Traveling Passenger Agent, 507 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., for one of them and a new map of the United States furnished free.

FOR upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

CONGRESSMAN M. PITNEY, NEW JERSEY.

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CONGRESSMAN L. J. FENTON, OHIO.

CONGRESSMAN J. H. HULING, WEST VIRGINIA.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.—No. 2.

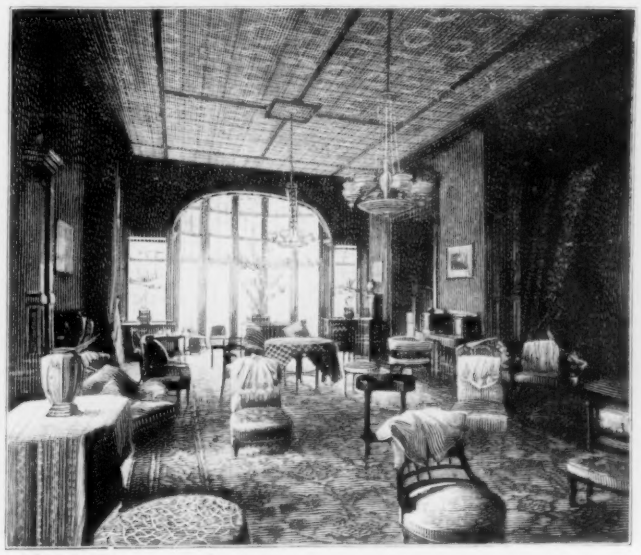
(See page 5.)

EXTERIOR VIEW OF RESIDENCE

DINING ROOM

DRAWING ROOM

LADY ABERDEEN'S PRIVATE PARLOR



DRAWING ROOM SHOWING CONSERVATORY

LIBRARY AND GOV. GENERAL'S WORK ROOM

THE VICE-REGAL RESIDENCE—MONTREAL.

(See page 11.)

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

December 5.

SOME charming and original gowns were shown me at Felix's to-day. I particularly noted a dancing frock, that contained a new cut of skirt, a clever arrangement of sleeve, and a charming combination of colors. The skirt is of heavy light-blue satin, apparently not at all gored. It hangs straight in front for a space of seven or eight inches; is gathered thickly and evenly at the sides and back, and hangs to the feet in straight, round folds. The bodice is of green velvet—the rich, deep, fashionable shade—and the stuff is drawn up and so arranged on the shoulders as to form short but wide butterflies, which serve as sleeves. On each side of the bust is a bunch of deep-red and black nasturtiums, and a narrow black ribbon belt fastens with long ends in the back.

A fetching calling gown is built of very novel stuff. It is a mixed silk and wool, blue, with a narrow black stripe running through it, the stripe being dotted with pinheads of black chenille. The bodice has a sleeveless jacket of black velvet, showing a narrow vest of the goods. Down the sides, about the bottom and about the neck are Vandyked points set into the velvet. These points are of jetted black net, and outlined with a scroll design done in gold cord. Another gown suitable for the same occasion is of a rich brown silk covered with a raised lace design done in black silk thread. The jacket bodice is of black velvet, opening over a vest of the silk, and has silk sleeves. The flat collar, the revers, and skirt of the jacket, which falls well over the hips in a full ruffle, are of black caracule. A more elaborate gown, intended for a young French beauty with brown hair and blue eyes, was brought from the workroom while I was there. The whole gown is built of a golden-brown miroir velvet, with a small conventionalized design, done in silver braid, dotting it at intervals. The bodice opens in front, after the fashion of a bolero, over a blouse of pale-pink velvet, laid in three single box-plaits. These plaits are edged with sable, and between the strips of fur is a dainty line of embroidery in gold thread and imitation turquoise.

A very elegant gown has the modish skirt built of soft smooth-faced lavender cloth. This skirt has four narrow pointed panels, two in front and two in the back, running almost to the waistline, of lavender velvet. The panels are perforated in an elaborate design, the perforations being edged with lavender silk braid, and showing a lining of pale-green satin. The whole bodice is a French blouse of the velvet, perforated over a green lining, and showing vest, choker and belt of green velvet. The full upper sleeve is perforated in a perpendicular design, the tight cuff extending to the elbow being encircled by two bands of perforation, and the whole lined with green satin.

The popular black satin gown is effectively set up with a sleeveless jacket of white satin embroidered with black chenille. A rich brown silk glistens with tiny pin-dots of peacock blue. The skirt is cut about the bottom into deep points, and frills of ecru lace inserted between the points. The bodice has a soft blouse of ecru lace, held by Vandyke points of the silk extending as far as the bust. The sleeves are of velvet, with short over-sleeves of the silk arranged in a butterfly on each shoulder. The crush sash and choker are of the velvet.

Among some dainty trifles displayed by the milliners I noted a charming collarette of yellow silk mull. The choker had a thick rosette on each side and an accordion-plaiting of the mull edged with several rows of baby ribbon fell about the shoulders and over the bust. A dainty evening waist of blue chiffon has sleeves of rich green satin. The choker fastens on each side with a chiffon rosette and one deep-red rose. Another rosette and rose nestle on each side of the bust. Some very fetching muffs are made entirely of short ostrich tips, irregularly arranged. But large muffs are quite as popular, and are made of velvet or plush to match the hat. One of lavender velvet has a bunch of violets and a cluster of black tips on it. The chapeau it accompanies is a Tam o'Shanter of lavender velvet with a straight brim. The upper side of the brim is covered with short black ostrich feathers radiating from the crown with their tips curling over the edge of the brim.

Some exquisite evening gowns and bodices are of silk mull with a dainty flower design painted on it. I have seen a bodice of pale-green silk mull made over rose satin. The enormous short sleeves were of three mull ruffles with seemingly a "yard of roses" painted on each ruffle. The edge of the ruffles were cut to follow the rose design. These painted flounces were also used on the blouse, but gathered so lightly as not to conceal the exquisite painting. The fashion of using silk mull over velvet gives delightfully rich and dainty effects. Furs were never more fashionable and certainly never before made up with such lavish disregard for the waste of the material in the cutting. Cloth gowns are lavishly trimmed with fur; but it is "the thing" to have a fur gown *not* so lavishly trimmed with cloth. A very effective suit that I saw to-day on the Boulevard had the skirt entirely covered with black caracule, save an apron of green cloth which narrowed to a point at the waistline in the back. The top of the bodice was of the fur extending under each arm in the form of a V. Under this was a box-plaited blouse of green cloth. The tops of the sleeves were of the fur and tight cuffs of cloth buttoned up to the elbow with fur buttons.

Another very effective street gown was of a rough brown wool, as coarsely woven as sacking, with tufts of red on it. The skirt opened on one side over a panel of red velvet, extending just above the knees. Above this the skirt was fastened by three large sable buttons. The bodice was of sable as far as the arms, forming inverted V's, back and front. The rest of the waist was of cloth laid in flat folds, with choker and narrow belt of red velvet. The cloth sleeves had three sable buttons on each.

A dear little jacket of Persian lamb is made double-breasted, buttoning tightly over the figure, with short fur ruffles flaring over the hips. A ribbon of black moire is tied about the waist. It is heavily jetted, and fastens with a smart bow in front. The immense sleeves, and the wide double collar, flaring out over the shoulders, are of jetted black moire, edged with ostrich feather trimming. The chemisette stock and rosettes are of rose and black mousseline-de-soie, with bunches of violets nestling under the chin. The muff is a fluffy mass of black chiffon puffs, separated by rows of violets, and is rose-lined.

ETHELYN FRIEND

DRESSES FOR DEBUTANTES.

THE New York season is at its height already. Everybody has come back to town, and the round of entertainments which are necessary to the life and soul of Fashionable Society has been gayly set a-whirling. The most distinctive feature of the early winter festivities is the number of "coming-out" receptions given by prominent society women to introduce their daughters. A whole bevy of pretty and charming young girls have been launched on the social wave during the past week or two. An account of any one of the interesting ceremonies surrounding this important step would fill pages, but the principal details in every case are nearly similar. The "bud" is always becomingly arrayed in a lovely white gown, and bouquets innumerable disposed in every available space testify to her extensive popularity. The usual crush, congratulations and conquests are duly recorded and commented on by the society reporters of the daily papers, and presumably read the next day by the "little one" who is "little" now no longer, but a member—and in her own estimation no insignificant member—of the great fashionable world. But the delights of the débutante stage of existence did not begin on the "coming-out" day. For several weeks preceding that important date the fascinating experience of choosing an outfit suitable for the approaching season is productive of much joy to the girl whose wardrobe has hitherto, let us hope, been confined to the simple frocks and minor items of dress most becoming to girls in their teens. The gown in which she is to make her first bow to the world is but one of several that will be required for the round of dinners and dances which she expects to attend during the ensuing weeks, and in addition lovely wraps are needed for the carriage and theatre, blouses in infinite variety for afternoons and evenings, to say nothing of all the charming little addenda such as fans, slippers, gloves, buckles, feathers and chiffons that are so wonderfully adapted to set off female beauty and to make one's less fortunate sisters wild with envy.

At Gosta Kraemer's last week ONCE A WEEK's artist was permitted, by the courtesy of the proprietors, to make sketches of some of the alluring novelties destined to be worn during the coming season by a happy débutante. On the first figure is shown a short evening wrap of an entirely novel shape, made of turquoise-blue velvet, pointed in the front, back and over the shoulders. The fronts are turned back from the neck and fall in a cascade effect. They are lined with white satin, over which cream point de gêne lace is laid, the edges being outlined with a little border of sable. A large rosette of white satin ribbon is placed on either shoulder, from which long loops and ends fall over the back. A short boa of white ruffled chiffon is worn round the neck. The long evening wrap shown in the second sketch is a thing of beauty in changeable yellow and pink gros-grain silk lined with white satin. The body of the wrap is elaborately embroidered in many different colors, and is gathered on to a yoke of lace, which is edged with a full frill of white lace falling over two double frills of chiffon. Where it fastens in front a deep cascade of soft silk conceals the hooks. The very full collar is of white chiffon.

The remaining sketches are of two lovely ball dresses. The first is of light-blue polka-dot mousseline-de-soie, covered with silk mull. The mull skirt opens in front showing the plain silk one underneath. The edges of the mull are trimmed with rows of narrow insertion and the same trimming extends up the front of the bodice, round the hem of the skirt, and is set on the skirt at intervals producing the effect of gores. The bodice is accordion-plaited and the sleeves are round and very full. The square pieces turning back from the shoulders and edged with lace are of white satin. An upright bow of white satin ribbon is placed at the left of the front, and at the right a yellow velvet rose set in folds of white satin.

The other ball dress has a bodice of light-yellow accordion-plaited chiffon over yellow satin. The straps over the shoulders and the sides of the bodice are covered with white Duchesse lace richly embroidered in turquoise and gold spangles. The skirt is of white satin, fitting closely about the hips and widening enormously to the hem.

Gwendolen Gay

BY "A BLUE APRON."

QUEEN'S DROP CAKES.—Rub into a pound of flour half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar and one teaspoonful of baking-powder; then add half a pound of washed and dried currants; beat four eggs, strain them, and add six drops of essence of lemon. Mix all together; put a little on a buttered baking tin in drops to make several cakes, and bake quickly.

VOLATILE BISCUITS.—One pound of flour, into which rub four ounces of butter, eight ounces of powdered loaf sugar and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix with two well-beaten eggs and a little milk. Roll out thin and cut into biscuits. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

AN ECONOMICAL GRAVY.—Put into a saucepan a pound of brown sugar, with one ounce of butter, six cloves, twelve allspice berries, all bruised, and a tablespoonful of salt. Let this boil for three minutes; then add a quart of boiling water and keep stirring it on the fire for ten minutes; add two tablespoonfuls of mushroom and ketchup, pour it into a basin, clear off any scum and bottle it with the spice in small bottles. Keep it tightly corked. A teaspoonful gives a zest to any meat gravy.

MAN wants but little here below,
And is not hard to please;
But every woman that I know
Wants everything she sees.

NOVELS IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

THE *Contemporary Review* publishes an article on "the art of the novelist," by Amelia B. Edwards, in which she mentions an ancient Egyptian romance called "The Tale of Two Brothers," the original MS. of which is in the British Museum. The manuscript is written on nineteen papyrus sheets, which was penned by a Theban scribe named Ennana over three thousand two hundred years ago! Just think of that, all ye modern novel readers.

Ennana was librarian of King Marenptah, supposed to be the same as Pharaoh of the Exodus, and wrote the novel by command of the royal treasurer for the amusement of the Crown Prince of the day. The MS. was found in Italy by Madame d'Orbiney, who sold it in 1857 to the British Museum.

That the ancient Egyptian were novelists and readers of novels was what no one suspected till Madame d'Orbiney purchased her famous papyrus in 1857. The Egyptologists of Europe were, in fact, fairly scandalized to find that these "grave and reverend seigniors," whose mummies were so eminently respectable, had tastes as frivolous as our own. Since that time many more specimens of ancient Egyptian fiction have come to light, tales of adventure by land and sea, tales of enchantment and magic; even historical romances and ghost stories. These discoveries have cast a new light upon the early history of literature. They show us that Egypt was not only the birthplace of all our arts and all our sciences, but that the Valley of the Nile was in truth the cradle of romance. It was from Egyptian sources that Herodotus derived many a narrative which he innocently accepted for fact and repeated as history; and it is from these sources that the Arab story-tellers of the Middle Ages draw many an incident familiar to us all in the pages of "The Thousand and One Nights." "The Shipwrecked Mariner" (who, by the way, performs the astonishing feat of sailing up the Nile as far as Nubia, and thence gaining the open sea) is cast, like Sindbad the Sailor, upon an island peopled by serpents. General Tahuti, in a story called "The Taking of Joppa," introduces his soldiers into the beleaguered city by means of a stratagem less successfully attempted in after-ages by the "Forty Thieves"; that is to say, he conceals a certain number of men in big jars which are carried by others of their comrades, disguised as captives laden with booty.

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(*From U. S. Journal of Medicine.*)

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A ROYAL COOK IN A CONVENT.

PROBABLY one of the most picturesque incidents that ever was recorded in the simple annals of convent life is one described by Miss K. M. Barry in her sketch entitled "Catherine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy," published last month at Dublin. The occasion was the reception, in 1838, of Lady Barbara Eyre, daughter of the Earl of Newburgh, into the order. The family of the young *postulante* "stipulated that she should be attired and attended exactly as if she were contracting a worldly alliance." She wore a full Court gown of rare loveliness, which was further enhanced by the family diamonds. The Queen's own hairdresser arranged Lady Barbara's coiffure for the ceremony. The church was crowded with curious and distinguished guests, the seats near the sanctuary being filled with nobility.

"The proceedings occupied so much time and attention, however," writes Miss Barry, "that all the fires in the convent went out, and to the dismay of the nuns, when the guests filed into the community-room to partake of the breakfast provided, no tea or coffee was forthcoming. The embarrassment of the hostesses may be imagined, but they had no sooner made known their distress than Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, son of William IV., possessed himself of a large pair of bellows and proceeded, to the amusement of every one present, to make a fire in the room. His efforts were presently rewarded, and for the first time—and last, very probably—a King's son prepared a convent breakfast. The affable young lord good-humoredly refused to be disturbed until he had satisfactorily achieved his undertaking. Thus, what might have been a most awkward ending to the famous ceremony became a merry and novel feature, and the nuns were spared much confusion by the tact and amiability of their most distinguished guest."

CHESS.

BETWEEN THE GAMES.

THE first of the two games in the Paris-St. Petersburg correspondent match has been resigned after twenty-nine moves by the Russian players. Paris opened the game with P-Q 4. The second game, with the Evans gambit opening, is still proceeding.

Almost all English chess papers to hand print the Steinitz *vs.* Hanham game, which appeared in this column during the New York Tournament, and comment upon the brilliancy of the ending. Chess editors across the water are also speaking favorably of Mrs. Showalter's play in her match with Mrs. Worrall.

An ingenious problem contest, open to all the world, has recently been arranged by the Chess Editor of the Leeds *Mercury* and Lieutenant-Colonel Ryan of Brighton, England. The main conditions are that the problems are to be original, the position representing some letter of the alphabet, and the mate "White to play and mate in three moves." The choice of the letter is left to the composer. The judges will be the English experts, Messrs. B. G. Laws and James Raynor. Lieutenant-Colonel Ryan offers many and valuable prizes. American composers will be allowed until April 1, 1895, to send in problems.

It is a pleasure to present an original problem by so expert a problemist as Mr. Emil Hoffmann of New York.

IN BOHEMIA.

A pretty game played recently in a tournament in Prague. Herr Jan Kotro is a celebrated Bohemian problemist. Ruy Lopez opening.

WHITE. (Kaminek.)	BLACK. (Kotro.)	WHITE. (Kaminek.)	BLACK. (Kotro.)
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	17 Kt (Kt 3)-B 5	R-K Kt sq
2 Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	18 Q-K 2	B-B 3
3 B-Kt 5	Kt K B 3	19 Kt x Q B P (g)	B-Q Kt 2
4 P-Q 4	Kt x K P	20 Kt x Q	R x P (ch
5 Castles (a)	B-K 2 (b)	21 K-R sq	R x Kt
6 Q-K 2 (c)	Kt-Q 3	22 K R-K sq	R (Q sq)-K Kt sq
7 B x Q Kt	Kt P x B (d)	23 P-K B 3	R x Q
8 P x P	Kt-Kt 2 (e)	24 R x R	B x P (ch
9 P-B 4	Castles	25 R-Kt 2	B x R (ch
10 Kt-B 3	P-K B 3	26 K-Kt sq	B-K 5 (dis ch)
11 Kt-K 4	Kt-B 4	27 Kt-Kt 3	B-Q 5 (ch
12 P x P	P x P (f)	28 K-B sq	R-K B sq and wins.
13 Kt-Q 4	P-K B 4		
14 Kt-K Kt 3	P-B 5		
15 Q-Kt 4 (ch)	K-R sq		
16 B x P	P-Q 3		

NOTES.

(a) In all these well-worn variations of the Ruy Lopez the pawn can, of course, easily be regained. Hence white usually gets early into safety with the king.

(b) A most important element in the defense.

(c) This must be pronounced strong. It allows of R-Q sq later.

(d) Q P x B is not so satisfactory on account of P x P followed by R-Q sq.

(e) See move 11 when after a long journey this knight gets a fairly commanding position at B 4.

(f) It was not good to take with the bishop or to play first Kt x Kt, as a cursory glance will disclose.

(g) White is rather too anxious to pick up stray pawns; but he could hardly have been expected to notice the crushing reply of black which renders the rest of the game exceptionally remarkable. Q R-Q sq was safer, as it turned out.

PROBLEM NO. 8.—BY EMIL HOFFMANN, New York.

BLACK (five pieces).

WHITE (seven pieces).

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROB. NO. 5.—BY JOSHUA NIELD.

Key-move.—R-Q 8. If B x P, Kt-K 7; if R x Kt R x B; if B (Q 7) checks, Kt x B; if P x R, P-K 4; any other move, Kt x P mate.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. L. Buschmann, Indianapolis.—You overlook K-B 4, which defeats your solution of No. 5.

F. Warwick, St. Paul.—Solutions to Nos. 4 and 5 are correct. Glad to hear that you appreciate the chess column. No. 3 was certainly a puzzler, but our solution is correct. Look again.

Chess Amateur, Saginaw, Mich.—Solutions to Nos. 4 and 5 correct.

O. K., New York.—Herr Taubenhaus has left for Cuba, where he will play with some of the island experts.

Readers are invited to solve and criticise Problems published in ONCE A WEEK. Two weeks will be allowed to pass between the publication of a Problem and its Solution.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

HOW TO UTILIZE BROKEN BOTTLES.

THE following is a simple and ingenious method of converting a bottle, or other vessel from which the top has been broken off, into a convenient receptacle

for liquids: Fill the lower portion of the bottle with oil up to the height at which you wish to cut it clean around. Set the bottle on a table which is perfectly horizontal and plunge suddenly into the oil a red-hot poker. You will hear a clicking noise, and on examination you will find that the glass is evenly cut off to the level of the oil. Any glass vessel with a chipped edge may by the same process be made to look like new.

THE PILGRIM PUZZLE.

THE first correct solution of the PILGRIM PUZZLE received at this office on December 15 was submitted by Mrs. A. A. Scott of Lincoln, Neb., and reads as follows:

LINCOLN, NEB., *Dec.* 12.

EDITOR "ONCE A WEEK":

The following I consider the correct solution to "Pilgrim Puzzle" appearing in ONCE A WEEK November 29:

WORDS.	QUOTATION.
1. Shad-keg.	The breaking
2. Shade-trees.	waves dashed
3. Church-vane.	high On a
4. Sand-bank.	stern and
5. Tow-boat.	rock-bound coast.
6. Inn-door.	
7. Gig.	

MRS. A. A. SCOTT,
2322 Vine Street.

The prize, a Plush Photograph Album, has been forwarded to Mrs. Scott. Other correct solutions received on the same day, but later, were submitted by George Warwick, J. B. Chenoweth, G. W. Carpenter, W. W. Woodward, Mrs. George W. Grasser, and O. W. Randall. As previously announced, solutions received before December 15 could not be taken into account, for the reason that subscribers at a distance would not have been able to compete for the prize unless granted a fair time allowance.

Smith—"What was the hardest thing you ever did?"

Brown—"Taking home a long clay pipe from a club dinner without breaking it."

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ABOUT COLD FEET.

A LADY of great beauty and refinement, a long time ago, was taken suddenly ill. Before her friends or physicians could do anything to relieve her the poor lady ceased to breathe. Her features were still radiant and beautiful as in life.

For several days and nights the house of mourning was visited, and many were the queer theories and affectionate explanations of this beautiful face and visible expression of Death. "Such beauty as hers," said one, "even Death would not dare to disfigure."

"She is sleeping, the darling," said the poor lady's old nurse, "and she'll wake in her Heaven's-bed, poor child."

And so the funeral day approached. It was cold, raw and sleety. The steps leading down into the family vault were slippery, for the sexton was not fond of working in such weather. The pallbearers fell with the coffin, which burst open.

Now, there were not many at that funeral on account of the weather. But the few who did attend saw a wonderful sight. Whether it was the shock of the fall, or the raw, unpleasant air, that woke her, certain it is the lady got up from among the cerements and pieces of coffin—and walked home in her bare feet.

She lived to be the mother of the family of the cold feet.

This was an accident that may not happen again in a thousand years; but, alas! cold feet are on the increase all the same.

The time has come to put a stop to this. Dr. C. I. Thacher says there is no law to prevent either ladies or gentlemen from wearing his magnetic foot batteries or his magnetic belts. Well, I should say not. The batteries will keep the feet warm, in the midst of snowy woodpiles, razor-edged winds and slush. They will take the place of the hot bricks in the bottom of the cutter with the thermometer shivering around zero—and the bricks die, while the batteries attend to business right along.

These foot batteries remove all aches from the feet and limbs and revitalize the blood to such an extent that one feels like a new person after wearing them for a few days. The renewed vigor which comes from wearing them is worth many times the price of a pair, which is $1, or you can buy three pairs for $2.

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WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

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